

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The rapid advances made in Canadian art as indicated by the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which is unmistakably superior to any previous display of the kind, has provoked the question of why native literature does not show an equally healthy growth. Art and literature generally flourish under similar conditions. Neither can make much progress in the early stages of settlement when the people are engrossed with the urgent practical problems of clearing the bush, draining the swamps and making the land habitable and productive. But we have long passed the pioneer stage and taken on conditions under which in other communities literature thrives. The encouragement given to the representative arts and the consequent rise of artists whose talents would render them successful in their chosen vocation in any country, indicates that the backwardness of our literature cannot be owing to the rawness and newness of the country. Our peculiar situation with regard to the Mother Country and the United States may have something to do with it. Our writers have to compete on unfavorable terms within a comparatively narrow market with English and American authors to whom the whole English speaking world is open. This of course affects authorship adversely as a trade, if it can be said to exist as a trade in Canada. But the best and most enduring literary works were not written for money. Really great writers have seldom been influenced by the love of gain—and it might have been supposed that among the number of Canadians who write and publish in spite of the obvious disadvantages under which authorship labors in this country, some would have developed a power and displayed a genius or at least a talent entitling their productions to take rank among the world's classics. So far it cannot be said that such has been the case. One reason for the lack of conspicuous originality and creative power on the part of Canadian writers is doubtless to be found in the rigidity and narrowness of conventional opinion among us and the disposition to measure everything of a literary character by the rule of theological, political or social orthodoxy. The men who have made great names in literature have dared to say what they thought. They have allowed their genius free play unfettered by traditional limitations or the fear of Mrs. Grundy. The public in England and the United States is much more tolerant of unconventional ideas and less disposed to confine the writers who cater for it to the limits of orthodoxy of any kind than the Canadian people. Just fancy what would have been the reception here of the writings of Tyndall and Spencer, the poems of Swinburne, Robert Elsmere, or Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, supposing any of them to have been first issued by a Canadian publisher instead of coming to us at second-hand with the prestige of success abroad. There would have been a chorus of universal denunciation. We are so set in our hereditary notions and old time prejudices that the writer who feels that he has a message in any considerable degree conflicting with the settled and traditional formulas which do duty as opinions with the most of us, cannot hope for a hospitable reception no matter how conspicuous his charms of style or his literary talent.

In our own day, moreover, literary tastes have greatly changed. Historical dramas, epics and poems dealing with abstract topics are out of date. Modern literature, whether in the form of poetry or fiction or scientific treatises, deals largely with questions of present and pressing human interest. Old beliefs and institutions and observances are on trial and the most popular and widely read books of the day are those which deal freely and fearlessly with such matters. Works of history, biography and criticism almost necessarily have a bearing on the burning questions of current controversy and are characterized by the same freedom and outspokenness. The Canadian writer as a rule ignores all these disturbing issues for fear of giving offence. He recognizes that public opinion is not sufficiently advanced or tolerant to appreciate any conclusions which deviate from the strict line of conformity to the conventional. As a general thing he is ostentatiously conservative in his views and out of touch with the progressive spirit of the age. Until Canadian public sentiment catches something of the more receptive and broad-minded spirit of modern thought elsewhere, native talent will continue to lie under heavier disabilities than those consequent upon defective copyright laws or a limited market.

The growth of the sentiment of Canadian patriotism will be strengthened by such observances as the decoration of the Queen's Park monument to the fallen heroes of Ridgeway, which took place on Monday last with appropriate ceremonies. The ceremonial is none the worse for having been borrowed from the Americans, whose Decoration Day celebrations, recurring every year, have done much to inculcate patriotic ideas among the rising generation by showing them that the memory of brave men who died to preserve their country is not forgotten. The proposals that the memorable events of the Fenian raid should be the subject of a yearly commemoration called forth by the occasion ought not to be allowed to drop. Canada owes a debt of gratitude to the volunteers who sacrificed their lives in defence of our frontier, and if we are always to be able to rely upon the defence of brave hearts and strong arms should any similar danger threaten in the future, we must show the young men of

to-day that the country does not forget those whose blood was so freely shed in her cause.

The British Government according to a recent cablegram contemplates an enormous addition to the Imperial territory and responsibilities by the purchase of the Congo Free State—the neutral region lately opened up to commerce and civilizing influences in Africa. The idea is that such a vast acquisition will appeal to the average Englishman's sense of national pride and dignity, send Salisbury stock booming, and enable the administration to carry another election. It is an old device in a new form. When domestic questions become troublesome and threaten to defeat an administration an embroilment with some foreign power followed either by war or the imminent risk of it used to be the favorite resort of a discredited ministry. About the best that can be said of the Congo deal is that it is far preferable to a war. Though expensive it will be a

tween ourselves and the United States and to push the policy of Australian and South African federation to a successful issue than to seek mere territorial aggrandizement at the risk of endless native wars and frontier disputes in the future. In short, the policy of Britain in regard to her colonial possessions ought to be that of solidifying and organizing the already enormous territories where her flag now flies, rather than adding new provinces to the roll of her dependencies. But the immediate effect on the public mind in view of a dissolution of Parliament, which cannot much longer be deferred, rather than the genuine merits of the scheme, is probably the determining motive. And there is a large class of electors who will be captivated by the idea of the extension of English rule.

The cause of female suffrage appears to be making steady progress, judging from the conspicuous place it occupies in current magazine

ment are expected to be present and the question will be considered in all its aspects—political, social, moral and economic. Perhaps the most hopeful sign for the friends of the cause is the altered tone of the press in speaking of the movement and its advocates. It is not so long ago since they were almost universally overwhelmed with ridicule and sneers. Woman's rights was a never-failing subject for the gibes of newspaper wittlings and when the opponents of the movement condescended to attempt argument—which was very seldom—they considered they disposed of the whole question by the repetition of a few stock platitudes which really do not touch the point at issue. The movement has now fairly passed the stage of ridicule. Now and then a journalistic boor will fling an unmanly slur—such as not long since appeared in the *Hamilton Spectator*—at some of the prominent workers, but the tone of reputable journals in dealing with the question is, as a rule,

the principle might be extended without any of the direful results either to the sex or the country, the prediction of which forms the burden of anti-female suffrage utterances.

The disinclination of the wealthy and comfortable classes in the United States to assume the burdens and responsibilities of bringing up families has of recent years been the subject of many homilies. Some have gone so far as to assert that the genuine American race, if such a term may be used to indicate those who can claim a pre-revolutionary ancestry, is dying out, and that but for the steady infusion of new blood by immigration the decennial census would show a decrease instead of the great augmentation of population in which the Americans take so much pride. The pessimists have a fact which tends to corroborate their theory in the annual report of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York of which Dr. John Hall, known as the millionaire preacher, is pastor and which has one of the wealthiest and most fashionable congregations in the United States. Its membership amounts to 2312 and the adherents not members are numerous in proportion. But the number of infant baptisms during the year was only twelve. So remarkable a discrepancy has excited some attention. Enquiry into the case showed that the smallness in the number of baptisms was not due to any falling away from the faith and consequent neglect of the ceremony, but simply to the fact that the raw material, to speak, that is to say, the infants born of members of the congregation were not forthcoming. The baptisms equalled the births in number. Now, if Dr. John Hall's church were a fair sample of the American people, it is obvious that in a very few generations the genuine American would go the way of the aborigines whom he has displaced. But while it is typical of the tendency to shirk the cares of a family prevailing among the rich and well-to-do, it must be borne in mind that the conditions are exceptional and do not apply to the great masses of the American people outside the large centers. In the circles from which the membership of such churches as that of Dr. John Hall are drawn men, as a rule, marry late in life. The young people in society do not want to lose caste by beginning life in the humble way in which their parents started. Accustomed to be surrounded by every luxury, and welcomed and courted everywhere on account of the wealth of their parents, the old ideal of "love in a cottage" has no charms for them. The increasing extravagance of fashionable life makes it more difficult for those who do not possess large fortunes to live on the scale demanded by social exigencies, club life and foreign travel, now so general, offer more attractions to young men of moderate incomes than marriage, which would entail exclusion from the "four hundred," and the sacrifice of many of the luxuries and pleasures within their reach while they remain single. So they are apt to defer marriage until either by inheritance or success in business they possess the means to live in the style demanded by their luxurious tastes or the requirements of their social circle. The same disinclination to begin married life under conditions of comparative poverty condemns a large proportion of the daughters of wealthy families to spinsterhood, or, what is infinitely worse, to loveless marriages. Apart from these causes, and yet in some degree allied to them, there is a growing indisposition on the part of women in fashionable life to assume the cares of maternity. The rearing of children interferes with the round of pleasure and social excitement, which they regard as the main object of existence. It is felt as a drag on their freedom, and an irksome tie, which lessens the means and opportunities at their disposal for dress and festivity and travel. In short, the tendency of the wealthy class in New York and other American cities is to make pleasure, luxury and dissipation the chief aims of life. The decline in the number of births under such circumstances is not surprising, nor is the fact that rich families are dying out a matter of regret. The misery of it is that though in a generation or two the existing representatives of the type we are speaking of will have disappeared leaving few descendants behind them the same unjust and rotten social conditions which have evolved them will, by that time, have produced others to take their places and like them to become demoralized and enervated by wealth and luxury. As for Dr. Wall's church, if they are not past the point where preaching will do them any good, their pastor might very appropriately give them a few sermons from the texts "Increase and multiply and replenish the earth." "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them" and "Suffer little children to come unto me."

"Cursed be the social sins which war against the strength of youth" sings the poet Tennyson. If the voluntary celibacy and mercenary marriages on the part of the wealthy are a crying evil what is to be said of the conduct of a financial corporation which forbids its employees marrying under penalty of dismissal? The Provincial Bank of Ireland has issued an edict forbidding its clerks to marry on a salary of less than £150 a year, an amount which very few of them ever obtain no matter how long or faithfully they may have served. This practically condemns the majority of clerks to life-long celibacy and compels the fortunate few who attain the "high" salary of something under \$7.50 to defer wedlock until the best years of



THE MUSIC OF THE STREET.

good deal less so than a war and an immense deal of bloodshed and suffering will be avoided. But considered apart from political exigencies the statesmanship of the scheme may be doubtful. Has not England about as much territory now on her hands as she can conveniently attend to? It might be supposed that she would hardly care to increase the burdens of the people by undertaking the government of an extensive domain in Central Africa when we consider how great her responsibilities in the management of her world-wide empire already are. Surely the means and energy which will be required in organizing and administering the Congo Free State might be better employed in settling some of the awkward problems which have arisen in connection with existing colonies and dependencies and in perfecting and systematizing the present loose-jointed and uncertain relations between them and the Empire. It would be a far better guarantee of the permanency and solidity of the Empire to straighten out the difficulty with France over the Newfoundland fisheries, and the similar international complication be-

and newspaper discussion. The indications are that the Territory of Wyoming will very shortly be admitted to the rank of statehood with a constitution embodying the present territorial provision by which women are admitted to the ballot-box. In England an effort is being made to induce the Liberal party to add a woman suffrage plank to their platform. Though debarred from the ballot women are more and more taking an active part in political campaigns, as witness the Primrose League and the Women's Liberal Associations in England and the by no means infrequent or unusual participation of women speakers in political contests on our own side of the water. It does seem a little inconsistent that politicians should welcome the assistance of women in campaign work and then refuse them the ballot on the ground of their unfitness to vote. The people of Ontario will shortly have their attention directed to this question by the assembling of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association convention which meets in this city on June 12 and 13. Many leading workers in the move-

ment are expected to be present and the question will be considered in all its aspects—political, social, moral and economic. Perhaps the most hopeful sign for the friends of the cause is the altered tone of the press in speaking of the movement and its advocates. It is not so long ago since they were almost universally overwhelmed with ridicule and sneers. Woman's rights was a never-failing subject for the gibes of newspaper wittlings and when the opponents of the movement condescended to attempt argument—which was very seldom—they considered they disposed of the whole question by the repetition of a few stock platitudes which really do not touch the point at issue. The movement has now fairly passed the stage of ridicule. Now and then a journalistic boor will fling an unmanly slur—such as not long since appeared in the *Hamilton Spectator*—at some of the prominent workers, but the tone of reputable journals in dealing with the question is, as a rule,

their life are past. From the simple fact that a bank should ever think of such an arbitrary interference with the private lives of its employees the Canadian reader may gain some slight idea of how difficult it is to procure respectable situations in the Old Country—how keen the competition there is among intelligent and well-educated men to find any sort of employment suited to their capacities, and with what tenacity men cling to a situation which affords them even the barest sort of an existence. We are accustomed to talk of the intensity of the struggle for livelihood and the difficulty of obtaining employment here but we have but a faint idea of what these words really mean, or to what straits the classes who live by their labor, either of brain or body, are driven in older communities. Opportunity to win even the poorest pittance upon which a man can make shift to live with a show of respectability is regarded as a godsend by hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen and were any of the clerks of the Provincial Bank of Ireland rash enough to throw up the chance of earning five or six hundred dollars a year because it was coupled with a provision forbidding marriage, hundreds of young and middle-aged men with unexceptionable records as to character and competency would scramble for the coveted vacancy. Doubt is expressed as to whether any employer has the legal right to impose such a condition. It is clearly contrary to public policy as it used to be understood, and the old judges would have set aside any such provision in very short order. But in these days commercial considerations are well nigh all powerful, and no doubt the glorious principle of competition and the "right of free contract" will be duly vindicated. The singular part of the business is that hitherto, as a rule, employers have rather been disposed to encourage matrimony among those in their service, and, other things being equal, to give the preference to such as had "given hostages to fortune." Marriage is usually looked upon as in some measure a guarantee for steadiness and respectability and a preventive of those extravagances and dissipation likely to lead men into difficulties from which they may attempt to extricate themselves by using their employers' money. The determination of the Irish bankers to prohibit matrimony points to a different conclusion, and it would be interesting to know what, if any, ground—other than mere caprice or the desire to act the tyrant, which mean-spirited men in positions of authority so often display—has led to this novel and exceptional edict of the money kings. Ireland appears to be as unfortunate in her bankers as she has been in her landlords.

Social and Personal.

The list of guests to the Government House dinner was published in full in last week's issue. It was a delightfully carried-out compliment to the Royal Duke and his Duchess. The ball-room served, upon this occasion, for a dining room, as covers were laid for fifty-six.

The decorations of the table were in glad sympathy with the spring months, for the eye was charmed with the delicate tints of blossoms and rested by the soft green scarf of *eau de nil*. The colors pink, white and green were strictly carried out as to the floral embellishments and, while apple blossoms were most noticeable, there were also the blossoms of the cherry with waxy narcissus, mingled with fern. The shades were pink, and the soft candle-light beneath them wooed dazzling glances from the jewels of many present. Ropes of smilax, with clusters of white blossoms twisted in, hung about the windows, while blooming plants and banked foliage converted the sides of the room into similitudes of woodland beauty.

During dinner a band played in the front hall and, later on, in the conservatory. The excellence of the music was remarked by many who were present, and the Duke and Duchess more than once expressed themselves delighted with it.

The Duchess wore a trained gown of gray silk. The bodice was V shaped and decorated with an embroidery of steel. In her hair was a large diamond star. Miss Campbell's dainty gown was of soft silk in pink, with trimmings of tulle and lace; Miss Strange wore faint yellow with graceful garniture of lace; Mrs. Law, blue satin trimmed with gold pongee silk and brussels lace; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, sapphire-blue velvet en traine with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Frank Smith, black velvet, vest of white silk under lace, jet trimmings and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Pope, a white trained silk with petticoat of embossed silk, ornaments emerald and diamond; Mrs. Mulock, gray silk with gray feather trimming; Mrs. Edgar, black velvet with garniture of rose point; Mrs. Cockburn, vieux rose silk with petticoat of silk muslin, embroidered vieux rose beads and gold; Mrs. Atkins, black silk trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Small, pale blue poplin with white trimmings; Mrs. Goldwin Smith, black velvet, black lace garniture and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Welton, gray silk with gray trimmings.

Friday afternoon the Royal party took luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenedyth. The handsomely laid out grounds were looking their best that day. The trees were refreshingly beautiful in their spring-time green, while pale blossoms covered many of them. The winding Glen Road brought the party to the main entrance, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, who led the way to the luncheon-room, where an elegantly arranged repast was served.

Her Royal Highness was presented with a bouquet of beautiful roses by the little son of the house, while the little sailor girls stood near. This delicate compliment, and the wee people themselves brought forth earnest admiration on the part of all.

Those invited to meet the Duke and Duchess were: The Lord Bishop and Mrs. Sweetman, Sir William Howland and Mrs. Merritt, Chief Justice Hagarty, Hon. Oliver and Mrs. Mowat, Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Col. and Mrs. Graesset, Hon. George and Mrs. Kirkpatrick,

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton. The suite in attendance were: Sir John McNeill, Colonel and Mrs. Cavaye and Dr. Kilkelly. Mrs. Nordheimer and Miss Langmuir were afterwards invited by their Royal Highnesses to join their party in crossing from the city to the Yacht Club.

Friday afternoon the Pavilion reception was the great attraction. The building was closely packed, and the large grounds held, seemingly, the rest of the city. The Pavilion was decorated with bunting, tiny flags and flowers, the large platform having the appearance of a conservatory.

The Duchess appeared in a green gown, wearing a fawn jacket and black hat. Mrs. Cavaye wore terra cotta, and the costume was completed by a black flower-trimmed hat. Two bouquets of flowers were presented—the one to the Duchess by Mrs. E. F. Clarke, the other to Mrs. Cavaye by Miss Madge King-Dodds.

Among those present were noticed: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Mr. H. K. Cockin, Mrs. and the Misses King-Dodds, Capt. and Mrs. Harston, Major and Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. Delamere, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. H. J. Wickham, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Dr. DeGrassie of Lindsay, Mrs. C. R. W. Biggar, Mr. Robert Cuthbert, Mrs. Potts, Mr. T. E. Moberley, Mrs. E. W. Phillips, Mrs. S. S. Macdonnell, Dr. and Mrs. Hunter, Miss Michie, Mr. Sherwin, Mr. S. Meyers, Mr. W. H. Pickle, Mr. R. Tinning, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, Rev. Elmore Harris, Mr. and Miss Wilson, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, Miss Stewart, Dr. J. D. King, Mr. G. M. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mr. John Laxton, Mr. George Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lumsden, Mrs. C. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Miss Eleanor Macdonald, Rev. W. T. Campbell, Mr. W. H. Hunter, Mr. R. A. Kirkland, Rev. Le Roy Hooker, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Patrick Hughes, Mrs. B. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Weichert and Miss Weichert, Miss Temple, Mrs. and Miss Waite, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Storm, Miss Cooper, Miss Dupont, Aid. and Mrs. Boustead, Mrs. F. C. Denison, Mr. Gilmour, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. W. J. Barton, Miss Barton, Mrs. E. Macdonald, Mrs. R. Score, the Misses Beatty, Mr. A. E. K. Greer, Mrs. Ince, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Captain Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Flett, Colonel and Mrs. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Glandell, Mrs. E. F. Clarke; Colonel and Mrs. Graesset, Captain I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. A. M. and Mrs. Cosby, ex-Aid. and Mrs. David Walker, Mr. C. Brough, Miss Fahey, W. H. Beatty, Q.C., Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Miss Willson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Wm. Bonnell, Mrs. and the Misses Wragge, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Miss Mary Campbell, Mr. George and Mrs. Musson, James Beatty, Q.C., and the Misses Beatty, Mr. J. Saurin McMurray, Mr. Emilias Baldwin; Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Senator Allan, Miss Pilsworth, Messrs. W. E. and R. J. Griffin, Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. J. P. Lewis.

After leaving the Pavilion, way was taken to the Yonge street wharf, where the steam yacht Abeona waited for its illustrious passengers. On board, to meet the party, were Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Commodore Boswell, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Captain of the R. Y. C. A., Mr. S. Bruce Harman secretary, Messrs. George Evans, J. E. Robertson and S. J. Ball of the committee, and Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa.

There was a steady breeze and the various yachts, which were anchored near the landing-place, looked gracefully bright, decked as they were with flying streamers. A salute was fired from the Oriole, Condor and Cygnet, followed by variously toned whistles which rendered the vicinity a most decidedly noisy one for a considerable time.

Everything looked well on Friday. Neatness prevailed at the club house and grounds, and the gay throng of fashionable people lent an air of brilliancy to the scene. Among those who were there were noticed Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Com. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Miss McCutcheon, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Todd, Miss Cockburn, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Wright, the Misses Beatty, Messrs. A. Piddington, J. Mitchell, G. Boulton, R. F. Stupart, C. Black, N. B. Dick, R. Bogue, Vice-Commodore McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. Boubee, Mrs. J. E. Rodgers, Mrs. W. R. Bartlett, Mrs. W. A. McLean, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mrs. William Mulock, Mrs. C. B. Cumberland, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. R. McLean, Mrs. Ewings, Mrs. J. H. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore.

Friday evening saw countless carriages and pedestrians moving down towards the Queen's, about which a vast crowd gathered to see the Duke review the troops. The uniformed men were much praised, (and were, seemingly, in the best of spirits and on their best behavior. The Duchess and Mrs. Cavaye appeared on the balcony, each wearing a long fur-trimmed wrap. The one the Duchess wore allowed an occasional glimpse of a black net gown with a trimming of red ribbons.

The review being over, there were numberless dainty little teas, given by various people to their friends. In the words of one of those ladies who enjoyed a cosy repast: "There were teas all over the place."

The Court Journal announces that at the Queen's Drawing Room, held at Buckingham Palace on May 8, the following ladies from Canada had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty: Mrs. and Miss Richards and Miss Frances Chaffey of Winnipeg. At the second Drawing Room on the Friday following I notice the name of Miss Beatrice Louise Bickford of Toronto among the list of those presented.

Miss Campbell held a reception at Government House on Wednesday.

Cards are out for weekly tennis parties at the Grange. They will be continued into July,

when Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith leave the city for a summer tour.

Ravenswood was the scene of an enjoyable social gaiety on Tuesday evening last, when Mrs. Arthurs welcomed a number of friends to a dance.

Miss Stewart of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Cosby.

Mrs. Cosby gave a dinner-party on Thursday last, and welcomed a number of friends to afternoon tea on Friday.

The Argonaut Club gives an entertainment next week. It promises to be a pleasurable one, and many are looking forward to it in glad anticipation.

The many friends of Miss Blanche Lockhart will be glad to learn of her recovery, and to welcome her among them once more.

Mrs. McCullough of John street gave an afternoon tea on Thursday of last week. Among those present were: Miss Vankoughnet, the Misses Rutherford, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. H. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. James Crowther, the Misses Lockhart, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Fanny Castle, Mrs. Bristol, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Brouse and Miss Michie.

The hostess looked well in a handsome toilette of black moire, Miss Parsons wore a gray gown and hat; Miss Hoskins' dress was a daintily combined gray and white and a white turban trimmed with hydrangea was worn with it; Mrs. Bristol's gown was green silk with black lace trimming, hat of black lace and yellow roses; Mrs. G. Blackstock wore a black lace dress and large black hat.

The lacrosse match on Saturday last was well attended. Toronto maidens and Toronto men seemed to take an overwhelming interest in the varied successes and defeats of the game. The St. Regis Indians, though beaten by the Toronto Club, played well. Their stealthy yet powerful and peculiarly Indian movements were commented upon by several.

Among those present I noticed the Misses Seymour, Smith, Ryan, Ross, Milligan, Messrs. George and Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Hugh Larratt-Smith, Mr. W. Milligan, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. James Macdonald, Mrs. Fleming and Miss Kate Ryan.

The sensation of the week in social circles was the publication in some of the daily papers of a rumor which has been prevalent for some time of the approaching marriage of Mr. W. A. Murray, the well-known King street merchant and Mrs. Sarah E. Cawthra. Although no definite information has been given forth the opinion prevails that it is true and the fact that no public denial of the report has been made tends to confirm it. This marriage, should it occur, would unite two of the largest private fortunes in Toronto.

I hear that the wedding at St. Thomas Church on Thursday next will positively be a private one, as none but invited guests will be admitted.

Miss Lenora Whitehead of Walkerton is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Harvey and Miss S. Hostetter of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, passed through the city this week on their way to Muskoka, where they, with a number of friends, will spend the summer.

Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa, chaplain of the Upper House of Parliament, visited the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt of Sherbourne street have left the city for their summer home at Balm Beach.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the friends of the Orphans' Home took place on Tuesday last. The chair was filled by Alderman Boustead, in the absence of Mayor Clarke. Since May, 1888, seventy-eight children have been cared into the home. The average number cared for each month was one hundred and sixty-seven, while there are at present one hundred and seventy-two.

The little ones looked healthy and contented. Their happy faces, their pleasing costume, a blue frock with white collar—and their evident appreciation of the meeting in progress, showed how much the home was doing for friendless little waifs.

At the conclusion of the reports and addresses the following board of management was elected: First Directress, Mrs. R. Vankoughnet; Second Directress, Mrs. J. S. McMurray; Treasurer, Mrs. H. L. Cowan; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Leigh; Managers, Mrs. R. Vankoughnet, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. D. Ridout, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Lightbourn, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Mills, Mrs. Holmstead; Medical Officers, Dr. Macdonald, Dr. McConnell, Dr. Spragge, Dr. Burt, Dr. Hunter, Dr. P. F. Cowan; Solicitors, M. Huson, W. M. Murray; Committee of Council, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Kivas Tully, S. C. Duncan Clarke, J. S. McMurray, Major Bennett, Bishop of Toronto, Rev. Hugh Johnston, H. Godson, W. R. McMurrich, Henry Cawthra, W. F. Creelman; Matron, Miss Wheelwright.

Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds presented quite an animated spectacle yesterday afternoon, when the Toronto Church School held their annual games.

T. Mower Martin gave an interesting and instructive lecture in the Presbyterian Ladies' College on Friday evening of last week. The subject was How Pictures are Evolved.

A correspondent sends notice of the death of one of the early settlers of Regina. Mr. Thomas Grover was taken to his last resting place on Sunday, May 25, after suffering more or less severely since the beginning of the year from an illness which originated with la grippe. The late Thomas Grover, son of the late J. Grover of Middlesex, was born in Wardsville

over fifty years ago, studied at Victoria University and graduated at Toronto University as a B.A. He was several years inspector of schools in Ontario and was appointed one of the public school inspectors in the North-West.

Later Music.

The second concert of Mr. Torrington's orchestra on Friday night of last week was well attended and was very successful in a musical sense. Many of the numbers performed had formed part of the Philharmonic Society's programme two weeks before and showed great improvement from the additional rehearsals. The Rienzli overture was splendidly rendered, as also the bridal music from Lohengrin. Miss Katie Ryan and Mr. H. M. Blight sang the duet from the Flying Dutchman in excellent style and instrumental solos were effectively rendered by Mrs. Adamson, Mr. Arlidge and Mr. H. L. Clarke.

The great Gilmore always turns up a good programme and good attractions. This year's company is no exception to the general rule. The band is not perhaps equal to that of last year in precision and crispness, but the tone is good and clear while the balance is excellent. The soloists are headed by Miss Ida Klein, who sang here two years ago with the American Opera Company. She has greatly improved in both singing and appearance since her last visit, and now shows a fine, brilliant soprano voice, well trained and of good volume. Mr. Lavin, the tenor, has been here before, and was very successful on this occasion. Mr. E. O'Mahoney has a fine, free bass voice, which might be a trifle more musical in quality, but is still resonant and powerful. He, also, was a favorite with the audience. The contralto, Mme. Von Doenhoff is of fair excellence. The chorus of the Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Torrington, rendered valuable assistance.

Messrs. Octavius Newcombe & Co. gave a very enjoyable matinee musicale to a large and appreciative audience at their warerooms last Saturday afternoon. Miss Maud Harris, pupil of the late Dr. Louis Maas of Boston, was the pianist, and Miss Maud Carter, a young contralto who has just returned from Boston where she pursued her studies under Mr. Lyman Wheeler, was the vocalist. The programme included selections by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein. The most enjoyable numbers, perhaps, were the Sonata Pathétique by Beethoven and the Kammerlei Ostrom by Rubinstein, in which Miss Harris showed a finish of detail and phrasing, proving herself to be possessed of a delicate and sympathetic touch and brought out the sweetness of tone of the instrument to its fullest extent. Miss Carter was most admired in her second selection, Le parole d'Amor, by Gounod. She has a rich, full contralto voice and is a very promising singer.

A very successful pupils' recital was given by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison in the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Hall on Monday evening, with the assistance of Miss Hilary and Mr. H. M. Blight.

On Friday next, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock will give a musicale at her residence, in aid of the library fund of the University. She will be assisted by Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. Francis Fisher Powers, a baritone of celebrity from New York, and the Mahr Brothers.

METRONOME.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The reception to H. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was in spite of the cloudy weather a success from every point of view. The capital was sufficiently well decorated with bunting, and the turn-out large and enthusiastic enough to favorably impress the illustrious couple with the heartiness of the welcome extended. The guards of honor and the mounted escorts showed up well, being trim and soldier like and from frequent practice acquitted themselves most creditably. The scene in the Senate Chamber was brilliant although none of the ladies' costumes were remarkably striking. The mixture of uniform, however, relieved the monotony of the picture and contrasted well with the more sombre attire surrounding them.

Among the ladies clustered around the throne were Lady Macdonald, Lady Thompson, Lady Grant, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. C. H. Tupper, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. H. F. Walker, Mrs. Paget, Miss Gertrude Mackintosh, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Pope, Miss Miall, Mrs. J. E. W. Currier, Mrs. J. Pennington McPherson, Miss Stepienston, Mrs. L'Estrange, Miss Surtees, Mrs. O'Gara, Mrs. and the Misses Blackburn, Miss Scheiber, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Gordoa, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. and Miss Gwynne, the Misses Hutchison, the Misses Cameron, Mrs. Moylean, Mrs. Berkeley-Powell, Mrs. Askwith, Mrs. Clemow, Mrs. and Miss McLean, Miss White, Miss Ritchie, the Misses Carey, Mrs. King, Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. and Miss Durie, Miss Stewart, Mrs. W. H. Fuller, Mrs. A. J. Christie, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Coffin, Miss Egan, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. S. E. Chapleau, the Misses Fournier, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. and Miss Heney, Mrs. Carson, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. and Miss Lay, Mrs. Rowley, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Noine, Madame Chapleau, Madame E. J. Langevin and Mrs. La.

The military in attendance were General Sir Fred Middleton, Adj.-Gen. Powell, Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, Lieut.-Col. White, Lieut.-Col. T. Ross, Major Wickstead, Major Walsh, Col. Panet, Lieut.-Col. Tilton, Major Sherwood, Major Heron, Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Major Todd, Lieut.-Col. Bacon, Major Wainwright.

Those who had the honor of lunching at Earncliffe with their Royal Highnesses were Sir John and Lady Macdonald, the hos; and hostess, their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston, General Sir John McNeill, V.C., Col. and Mrs. Cavaye, Captain Hon. C. R. Colville, Lieut. Hon. Edward Stanley, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, His Worship Mayor Erratt, Dr. Kilkelly and Mr. J. Pope.

In no city in Canada are the various strata of society so well defined as in Ottawa. This was well exemplified on the occasion of the reception of the Duke and Duchess, when the order of precedence was rigidly adhered to in issuing the invitations to the floor of the Senate Chamber. First came the ministers of the crown, their wives and daughters; then the privy councillors not of the Cabinet, their wives and daughters; wives and daughters of the Mayor and aldermen; senators, their wives and daughters; judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, their wives and daughters; members of the House of Commons, their wives and daughters; the judge of the Exchequer Court and family, the sheriff of the County of Carleton, judge of the County Court; wives and daughters of deputy heads of departments; wives and daughters of officers of both Houses of Parliament

holding seats on the floors of the houses; the United States Consul-General; the Archbishop of Ottawa and representatives of the Roman Catholic clergy; the Bishop of Ontario and resident clergymen of the Protestant churches with their wives and daughters, and finally prominent citizens with their wives and daughters.

The summer exodus to the sea shore and to the thousand and one summer resorts known vaguely as "the country" has commenced and already numerous private residences have as-

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his last efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playner, one of the most skilful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—Editorial in the "Trader."

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Boudoir Gossip.

There are few women who have not red letter days. Some anniversaries bring pleasant thoughts—a gleam to the eye and a smile to the lips. Some bring sighs. Some bring tears. Though I rather despise the habit of hoarding sorrow only to scatter it about in the future, I yet have my red letter days. I greet them in the morning—gladly or a little gloomily as the occasion brings joy or sadness, and I think the memory of other times cannot but benefit us if we are strong. We may perhaps learn from past trouble that the best way to dispose of sorrow is to bear it with a little flinching as we can.

Oh! the stories I have heard of dreams that "came true!" I remember in the long ago how I used to sit with horror-raised hair and listen to Mary Ann's well colored tales of true dreams. The shivers played tag on my spinal column. A creepy-crawly feeling stole up my arms, and I drew my feet to the chair-rung to be out of the way of any wandering hobgoblins which might be straying in my direction. The candle sputtered and flickered, the shadows danced on the red wall, and Mary Ann went on with her stories while she fashioned a dress for my doll.

That was the time when I "believed in" dreams; and that time has lain for many years in the past.

These sleep-born imaginations do sometimes puzzle and distress one. That does not, however, make their pretensions to truth any more worthy. In my mind they bear no more relation to reality than a disagreeable or blood-curdling paragraph in a book which is pure fiction.

Let us not be so superstitious as to imagine that the vagaries of a frolicsome and unruddered brain must of necessity "mean something." Strictly speaking, I suppose they do, but the something is often the indigestible tid-bit of a late supper, or the complaining of a restless conscience—not whispers of future happenings.

Did it ever happen that any of my readers tried to work when a poor little screaming baby was doing its best to unsettle the silence of two or three hours? It is well to cultivate a habit of "keeping cool" when baby screams penetrate one's room. It is always a sure thing that the little one's head aches far worse than yours, and if yours aches very hard try and feel sorry for the baby.

What I very seriously object to is the dialogue which some people persist in keeping up with a sleepily-croaking baby.

It is varied in its form of address, and beginning with: "Whish-h! There now, good baby, go to sleep," may end up with the somewhat abrupt information that a "whipping" will follow the continuation of screams.

The idea of threatening a child is repulsive. With infants, the angry tone only increases the baby's nervousness. As to noise the mother's loud-voiced scolding is more disagreeable than the wailing.

With older children, the threats of wicked and ignorant persons people dark rooms with awful shapes and mean black bears under every table.

So for the sake of the babies, and those within earshot, threatening dialogue touching better behavior could be well dispensed with.

Speaking with a pleasant-faced brown-eyed girl of Florida, she gave me some of her impressions regarding it. It was in Orange county that her family had taken up residence, and when I asked her if it was not pleasant there, she unhesitatingly said, "No indeed, for it was so hot. There were only two months that were at all cool, and in February the thermometer stood at 90°."

Questioning her with regard to the fruit I learned that the orange crop comes in December and is gone in February. "Ours were," she said, "and we had none until the next year. Guavas are very nice, but few like them at once. When first I saw them they were sliced, and looked to me like cucumbers in pink and white."

Bananas are very tender, and pines have to be covered in case of frost, which, though it seldom does come, spreads ruin over the fruit crop at every visit.

"It was so very hot," said the young girl wearily, so wearily that I fancied the remembrance of those burning days caused languor even now.

The sand is fine and white. The grass is low and wiry. For lawns the Bermuda grass is used, and it grows like a mat, though it is darker than in Canada.

"The fruit is, of course, nice, but we can have it here. We still have our grove and have had oranges sent up to us."

My soul has always leaned towards the tropics. Flowers and fruit are powerful factors of happiness in the concrete, but those indicated discomforts of the heat have made me somewhat more contented. I shall rather enjoy living in the north, especially in blossom-time, and eat southern fruits with appreciation, though they may be plucked green and ripened artificially.

Distance does not always lend enchantment to the view.

Just here I may as well make a confession. I have ridiculed uniforms indiscriminately. I have even spoken of monkeys and monkey-shines, meaning uniforms of various kinds, and parades of several descriptions.

I will admit, however, that handsome men on fine bicycles look well—when you are near them.

Walking down the street the other morning a wheel passed me. It was moving rapidly over the wheelman's paradise—Jarvis street pavement—and, as it passed, I admired the man's grace and ease.

As he went on I observed that his tan shoes gave him a barefooted appearance. I laughed a little at the comicality of it, and upon looking again found that distance had transformed him into a jumping-jack with, to all appearances, a very energetic youngster controlling the jumping apparatus.

Women who wear gold beads have been puzzled and embarrassed to find that narrow black rings encircle their white little throats

after the charming necklaces have been returned to their cases.

"Why, what makes that?" they cry. "The jeweler has cheated me. I shall tell him of it. I wouldn't if I were you."

"Why?" you ask, and I answer, Emerald Isle fashion: "Don't you know what makes it? Why, nothing else but powder."

Try it. Sprinkle powder on a cloth and pass your beads over it.

That method will save the poor jeweler considerable discomfort, for he will not feel very much like telling you that you must have used powder freely, and you would feel superlatively small to think you said a word about it.

A chataine-bag, whose contents were lately piled upon a table, held:—A purse, card-case, note-book, pencil, keys, bon-bon box, stamp case, street-car whistle, case for car tickets, glove-buttoner, pocket comb, penknife and handkerchief. The happy owner shook some crumbs of coconut taffy from it, and said: "It's so handy," as she proceeded to return the various articles.

When I read an account of Stanley's little love story, the first thought that came was a pitying one. How often during those weary months, he must have longed to see the woman he loved.

He does look stern, almost repelling, but the gray mustache may hide a lip that is tender in its curve. One can fancy that the daring explorer might look sad and sorrowful sometimes, and that mental quotations from fervent poets might have been made when only star-eyes saw him.

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How can I tell you that?
But when she smiles I see his eyes,
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'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis lips that speak of plays, ext week,
While eyes are talking love.

'Tis meeting in the ball-room,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid beneath the lid,
More than a simple glance.

'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips,
If mamma isn't there.

'Tis tucking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a call,
'Tis long good-nights in tender lights,
And that is—no, not all!

'Tis parting when it's over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end, farewell, my friend,
But one goes home to weep!

—London Figaro.

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All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's A Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; A Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

In the matter of business or day dress the most fashionable worn at present is the two-button cutaway morning coat and is the most favorite for business use. It has demonstrated its suitability against all other styles. It is neat and manly, yet convenient and comfortable. The principal change in style this season is a lower cut in front with only two buttons, leaving more space on the shirt front to display the wide four-in-hand scarf now prevailing. The vest to be worn as low in proportion with roll or step collar. The material used is dark blue or black chevrot in full suitings, or coat and vest with a light stripe or check trousering. This contrast makes a very handsome as well as a very dressy suit. Having just received an excellent line of these goods, would ask your inspection before purchasing your spring and summer suit elsewhere. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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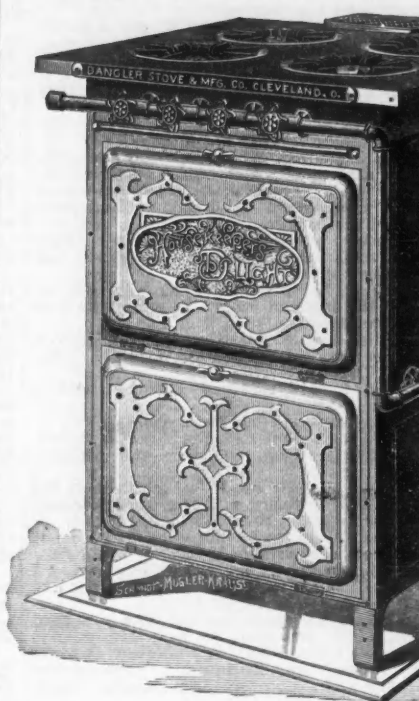


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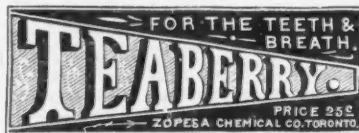
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CHAPTER IV.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS."

Col. Callender prolonged his stay in town for a few days, as he wished to consult Dr. B., the great specialist for nerves, and had to wait for an appointment. His letters, however, were cheerful, and full of small details, which showed that he was fast regaining his normal condition of mind, and powers of enjoyment. His wife wrote to him every day. Long epistles which excited Dorothy's surprise. "What can she have to write about?" she said to herself. "For though it is pleasant—our life here—one day is like another."

Since her confession of doubt respecting Egerton to her guardian, she had felt happier. She was, perhaps, a little too ready to quarrel with him, but she was always restless till she made friends again.

Mabel did not rally from her attack of neuralgia as quickly or as completely as Dorothy hoped and expected.

In vain the younger sister urged her to join the colonel in town, and avail herself of Dr. B.'s skill. She refused, with a degree of impatience that astonished Dorothy.

Meantime, the preparations and preparations for Miss Oakeley's concert went on with much vigor. The dowager called every day, and insisted that Mabel should take what she called an "airing" in her agreeable company, and poor Mabel dared not refuse.

Egerton contrived to be a good deal with Dorothy, and as he always talked like a pleasant friend, and seemed to have laid aside the lover, she had no excuse for quarrelling with him, while she was somewhat irritated by the quiet ingenuity with which he contrived to appropriate her, while everyone else evidently made way for him, always excepting Frank Selby, the young rascal, who, with a certain boyish fun and audacity, boldly tried to gather all the crumbs that fell from Egerton's richer table. It pleased and amused Dorothy to assist him as much as possible.

At all this Standish looked with much interest, seeing very clearly that Dorothy did not even like Egerton as well as she once did. Indeed, the young lady's mood and conduct puzzled him a good deal at this time, and he was somewhat less lenient in his judgment on her than formerly.

Miss Oakeley, whose imagination never suggested a picture of repose as a thing to be enjoyed, was always "making up parties," or "gathering parties," or gathering together some what noisy collections of young people to dine or sup. She enjoyed to the full the liberty which wealth and wealth only bestows on an unmarried woman. Though willing to be thought much younger, Miss Oakeley supported her party, originally by procuring a dancing room at thirty a girl (!) might venture to dispense with chaperones. In many ways she was a thorn in her austere aunt's side. Nevertheless, she could bear with much from a girl whose innate purity and rectitude are guaranteed by the possession of four thousand a year. And then, Herbert had behaved so heartily to her! In short, Mrs. Callender, senior, could not shut her heart against a creature so endowed.

"My dear Mabel," cried Miss Oakeley, walking unceremoniously into the drawing-room of The Knoll one cool, gray morning, as Dorothy was singing a German sleeping song to her little niece, who stood beside her, trying to join, while Mabel was playing with her boy on the sofa: "my dear Mabel, what an idyllic scene! and I came to drag you away from your babies. I want you to come back to us to luncheon. Major St. John and Mr. Standish are coming, and we will ask Mr. Egerton if we meet him. Then they are to escort me to the port. There is a Spanish or Portuguese ship there, and they have a wonderful parrot who speaks several languages. I want to buy it. I shall teach it English, and complete its education. I should like to get on board and see what sort of a place the ship is. Now I want you and Dorothy to come, too; it will be an expedition. I believe there are some curious old streets about the port, too."

"They are shockingly dirty," said Mabel. "and I have promised to go out with Mrs. Callender. She has deigned to ask the children, and I think Herbert would be annoyed if I refused. But Dorothy will go, I daresay."

"My dear Mabel," returned Miss Oakeley, composing her round, good humored face and restless black eyes to a serious aspect, "what do you do with yourself all day? You never join in anything or go anywhere. Do you lie on the sofa from morning till night reading novels? I do not wonder at your looking pale and woe-begone! Why, you are making an old woman of yourself! I can't see, Dorothy!"

"I don't think she is very short," said Dorothy, leaving the piano and coming to sit beside her sister; "at all events she must not be scolded. I should like to see the foreign ship, Henrietta. I will come with you. Let me go and change my dress."

"That is a good girl; don't be long."

"I hear you are as gay as the means of little Portsea permit," said Mabel, making room for her cousin on the sofa beside her gathering up her baby boy in her arms and hushing him gently to sleep.

"It isn't half a bad little place," returned Miss Oakeley, "and there are so few people to give parties or keep the ball rolling that they are grateful to anyone who will. Every one is very nice to me—indeed, I do very much what I like. Why, that was Mr. Egerton who passed the window, wasn't it?"

"I did not see him, but very likely it was."

"Of course he is here a good deal. How are matters going on?"

"Oh! I don't know," wearily.

"Nonsense, Mabel, you must know. Surely she will not be such a goose as to refuse."

"Mr. Egerton," announced Collins, the colonel's soldier servant.

"Oh! we were just talking of you, Mr. Egerton. I want you to come back to luncheon with me. I have two or three men guests and Dorothy. We are all going down to the port after to see what curios we can pick up from the Spanish sailors. They have a wonderful parrot on which I have set my heart. I suppose one could hardly find a real mantilla among these people! The captain would not have a wife on board who would be willing for a consideration to part with her best 'go to meeting' mantilla."

"No, I think not," he said, turning from Mabel, with whom he had exchanged greetings. "I have seen some of these people, they are rather rough specimens, there are only a sprinkling of Spaniards, some are from Valencia, my mother's country."

"Ah! yes to be sure! You must be our interpreter. I wish Dorothy would come, I am burning to get luncheon over and attack these people."

"I am sorry I cannot join you at lunch. I have a particular engagement with my old skipper. I have been thinking of buying the Gitanas if the owner satisfies me on one or two points."

"But you really must!"

"I am infinitely distressed to be obliged to refuse you," said Egerton airily; "but I'll try to meet you at the dock. I believe that Portuguese schooner is lying alongside. I'll be very happy to translate for you, though my Spanish is growing rusty. I used to speak it as much as I spoke English while my poor mother lived."

"Oh thanks! a thousand thanks," cried Miss Oakeley. "Then I feel sure of the parrot. Ah! here comes Dorothy. How long you have been

beautifying! You must scold this obstinate man, he will not come to lunch, and Dorothy will be obliged to depend on Mr. Selby for an escort."

"No! Mr. Standish will be there, and I have a sort of vested right to my guardian," said Dorothy, laughing.

"Come," repeated Miss Oakeley, kissing her hand to Mabel, "we'll bring you a fairing, and she walked briskly out of the room, while Egerton holding the door open whispered to Dorothy as she passed:

"Standish is a far more formidable rival than Selby!"

Dorothy gave him a startled glance and colored crimson, saying coldly:

"I cannot understand you."

She hurried after Miss Oakeley, her veins tingling with vexation and a sort of fear. Was it possible that Egerton perceived and dared to hint at what she herself shrunk from perceiving? That hint turned the scale, and as she walked on briskly beside Miss Oakeley, hearing, without listening to, her animated chatter, she made up her mind that she would like and distrust Egerton, that there was something cruel and relentless in his fine dark eyes, that he tried in some way to dominate her. At the thought, her spirit rose defiantly. He should find he had no fool to deal with! Why did he pretend to pose as her lover when he did not care a straw for her? What was his object?

The luncheon party was merry and noisy, they chaffed each other, and talked all together, and told stories, more or less credible; but Miss Oakeley cut them short and expressed her anxiety to start in search of the much desired parrot.

"What's the matter, Dorothy?" asked Standish, as they sallied forth. "You have neither eaten nor talked."

"Don't mind, dear," cried Miss Oakeley, who overheard the remark. "He is to meet us presently, you know, and with a very friendly knowing smile she fell back to allow of Major St. John joining her."

Standish laughed.

"That is what may be called delicate tact," he said; "I'm glad eyes cannot kill or it would be all over with our dear Henrietta! I never thought you could develop into such a fierce—what shall I say, warrior angel."

"Paul, you are unkind, and you do not care that I am annoyed and worried."

"Why, Dorothy, what is there to worry you? No one can force you to do what you don't wish, and I must say, your annoyance does not suggest indifference."

"Indifference," she repeated in a low, earnest tone: "No! indifference is merged in dislike."

"I never knew you unreasonable—that is, decidedly unreasonable, before."

"I suppose," she said, "that is a compliment," said Dorothy, drily. Further conversation was prevented by Mr. Selby, who attached himself to Dorothy. She was very quiet and silent, but her young admirer was quite willing to do all the talking himself.

Standish was guided. He had rambled much about the other part of the Export during those early hours when his usual companions were either in bed or at breakfast, and he now led them through narrow streets of red-roofed, irregular houses with many a projecting window and deep porch thickly studded with bay windows and public-house adorned by curious, quaint signs, past a very old red-brick, two-storied church, with dormer windows in the roof, and an ivy-grown square tower that boasted some fine bells, altogether a remarkable mixture of the dwelling-house and the sanctuary, past an evil-smelling fish market, where wended up a very old red-brick, two-storied church, with dormer windows in the roof, and an ivy-grown square tower that boasted some fine bells, altogether a remarkable mixture of the dwelling-house and the sanctuary, past an evil-smelling fish market, where wended up a very old red-brick, two-storied church, with dormer windows in the roof, and an ivy-grown square tower that boasted some fine 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John's Choice.

"Engaged, eh?" said John Jaggett. "Well, I'm sure I never looked at it in that light before."

"We've all got it for granted," said Mrs. Jaggett, pursing up her thin lips and knitting away very fast.

"Does she think so, mother?"

"What else can she think, John?"

"I never asked her to marry me, mother."

"There's other ways of proposing to girls, John, besides asking 'em to marry you in so many words," said the old lady.

John Jaggett gave his thick, brown mustache a resentful tug.

"I'm blessed if I know what they are, mother," said he.

"Everybody has took it for granted, John," replied the mother, severely. "And Melinda is a capital housekeeper—just the girl I'd like to see in charge of things here, now that I'm getting old and feeble."

John Jaggett put his hand caressingly on his mother's shoulder.

"Why, mother," said he, "don't talk that way. So far as I can see, you're as young and spry as you ever were."

Mrs. Jaggett shook her head, mournfully.

"No, I ain't John," said she. "When a woman gets to be sixty odd, she begins to fall in spite of everything—and rheumatism always runs in my side of the family. If I could only see you married and settled down, before the Lord sees fit to call me away."

John whistled.

"Time enough, mother," said he—"quite time enough."

"I don't know about that, John. You were thirty yesterday!" urged Mrs. Jaggett.

"How the dear old mother remembers things!" said he, laughing. "And Melinda Butts is three and thirty."

"A year or two don't make no great odds, John."

"Well, perhaps it don't," he assented.

"John," cried the woman, as her son took up his hat, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to New York for a day or two, to see about that new hay-cutter, mother, before the grass gets too high," answered he.

"To-day, John? Why not?"

"Go over and see Melinda first, John. Get something settled," pleaded Mrs. Jaggett.

"Why, mother, what a hurry you're in to get me married off!" he cried lightly.

"She expects it, John."

"Can't you manage for me, mother?" jestingly demanded the young man.

"Well, really, I don't seem to be able to get up any enthusiasm," said he, shrugging his broad, handsome shoulders. "And I must get that hay-cutter ordered. We shall have a thunderous summer, and the grass meadows must be looked after."

John Jaggett went on his way to the city, and straightway forgot all about Miss Melinda Butts, who lived at the red shingled farmhouse on the other side of the Skull Mountain.

She was plain and red-headed, and never seemed to have much to say for herself; and John Jaggett had all a man's appreciation of beauty and softness in womanly presence. Why should he think about Melinda Butts?

He ordered the hay-cutter, looked in at a sale of stout farm horses, made inquiries as to a new cooking stove for his mother, and finally stopped at a little millinery store, kept by a former Skull Mountain neighbor.

"I want to get mother a lace cap or a worsted shoulder-cape, or something," thought he.

But the store was full of strange faces, and a new name gleamed in newly-painted letters, on the sign above the door.

"Hullo!" said Jaggett. "What's the matter?"

"Mrs. Mixsell was buried last month," said the new incumbent, a stout widow with a row of artificial auburn curls which did not in the least match her black hair. "And poor Alice is crying her eyes out in the back room. Perhaps you know some of her friends? It don't stand to reason as I can keep her there with three daughters of my own. And you know—"

"Oh, Mr. Jaggett, is that you?" uttered a soft, appealing voice from the stuffy, half-lighted little apartment beyond. "Oh, poor mother has died and left me, and I don't know what to do!"

Alice Mixsell was a fair-haired, mountain-daisy-complexioned girl of seventeen. Her blue eyes, drenched in tears, looked piteously up to John Jaggett—her coral lip trembled. They were old acquaintances, and he had always admired her. Nay, once or twice, when he had been staying in the city, he had taken her to a theater or a picture gallery. As he looked at her sweet helpless loveliness, a great wave of protecting tenderness swept over his whole nature.

"Alice, my darling!" he said. "Sweet Alice, dry your tears. Henceforward you shall be my care. Get your bonnet and things! We'll go to the little parsonage around the corner and be married at once—and I'll take you back home with me!"

Alice drew back—her velvet-blue eyes flashed indignantly.

"No! you are saying this simply out of pity!" she said.

"I am saying it because I love you!" he cried earnestly—and the deep light in his dark eyes corroborated his words.

Man is a creature of impulse, and John Jaggett's feelings had taken such complete possession of him that it was not until Alice had become his wife that he thought of Melinda of the red hair and turkey egg complexion.

"But it will be all right," he argued to himself. "Mother can't help liking dear little Alice. She and Mrs. Mixsell used to be good friends in the old days before the Mixsell farm was sold; and Alice will be a perfect sunbeam in the house—God bless her."

It was the yellow twilight of a May evening when John brought his pretty, blushing young wife to the old homestead.

"We'll surprise the mother," he said cheerily. "We'll go round by the sycamore tree lane, and creep in by the back door. And you shall be sitting in the keeping-room when she comes in. She is talking to some one there at the carriage block now."

"It's company, I think, John," said Alice, her heart fluttering like a bird in its cage. "It's a carryall, with a big trunk strapped on behind, and a tall, red-haired woman stepping out. Oh, John, who can it be?"

John Jaggett changed color as he recognized the shrill, nasal accents of Melinda Butts.

"No!" uttered that female. "I must allow I didn't reckon on getting married quite so sudden, Mrs. Jaggett; but after what you said to me, and the neighbors' gossip and all that, why, of course I—"

John drew a long breath as he realized this new complication. His mother had proposed to Melinda Butts for him, as he had jestingly suggested, and here she was, bag and baggage, an embodied acceptance of the offer.

"Am I a Mormon in spite of myself?" he thought. "How in the name of all the fates and furies am I to get out of this tangle?"

"Sit still a minute, Alice. I'll go and tell them that you are here," he said to his pretty young wife.

"But if you've got company, John—"

"No company can be more honored than my wife, Alice," he said gently, as he passed into the shady little parlor, where a scent of dried rose leaves came from the quaint old China jar on the mantel.

There stood a lank, spectacled, elderly man.

"Why, it's Lawyer Judd!" said John, starting back. "How do you do, Mr. Judd? May I ask what has procured us the honor of this visit?"

Lawyer Judd smiled and wriggled, and interwove his respectfully-gloved fingers in each other, after a most embarrassed fashion.

"How are you, Mr. Jaggett—how are you?" he said. "Well, to be candid with you, I came here with the young lady outside."

"You did?"

"Yes, I did," nodded the lawyer, who was

one of those restless individuals who can never keep still a minute, but slipped and writhed and twisted himself about like a snake in black cassimere garments. "On—he, he, he! a little question of matrimony."

John flushed to the roots of his wavy brown hair.

Was this to be a matter of breach of promise? Did they imagine for a second that he was to be coerced like this?

"Mr. Judd," said he, "there is some mistake here."

"I hope not, neighbor Jaggett," said the lawyer, more like the letter S than ever—"I hope not. Why should there be a mistake?"

"And, went on John, excitedly, "I don't propose to be bullied! I have never engaged myself to the young woman, or have I given her any reason to believe—"

"No, no—no, to be sure not!" uttered the lawyer, swaying himself to and fro. "If I had supposed so, I should certainly never have married her."

"Married whom?" demanded John.

"Married Mrs. Elias Judd, to be sure—the late Miss Melinda Butts. This morning, Mr. Jaggett, and we are on our way to the Albany boat now, and my—ahem! wife has stopped to bid your respected mother good-by as we came past. And really, glancing at a turnip-shaped, silver watch which he carried in a fob-pocket, "we have no time to spare. Melinda, my dear—"

He was amazed at the vehemence and cordiality with which John Jaggett wrung his hand.

"I congratulate you, my dear sir—I congratulate you with all my heart!" said he.

"Where is Mrs. Judd? Let me have the pleasure of expressing my good wishes to her also!"

When "the late Miss Melinda Butts" came in, rugged, hard-featured and coarse, he thought of the little human rosebud waiting out by the keeping room window, and rejoiced inwardly.

All these occurrences took much less time in the happening than has been consumed in their relation; and when, finally, the dust of departure rolled after Mr. Judd's respectable carriage wheels, Mrs. Jaggett turned tearfully to her son.

"There, John," said she, "I told you how it would be! Melinda Butts is married and gone, and I haven't got no daughter-in-law, after all."

"Yes, you have, mother," said John, his whole countenance growing radiant as he took her hand and led her into the room where Alice now sat, her innocent heart full of vague wonder and surmising. "I was married to Alice Mixsell the day before yesterday."

Alice lifted her blue, wistful eyes to Mrs. Jaggett's amazed face.

"Mother died last month," said she. "Will you be my mother now?"

Mrs. Jaggett clasped the girl to her heart.

"Yes, dear, I will," she faltered. "Any one that John loves I'm going to love, too. And we did need some woman about the house—yonger and smarter than I am. Kiss me, Alice! and now we'll have our tea. But, John, why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I didn't know it myself, mother," said John Jaggett. "But I do think I've made a better bargain than Lawyer Judd; don't you?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jaggett, looking at Alice, "I don't know—but you—have!"

Professional Sagacity.

Husband—Well, my dear doctor, what is the matter with my wife?

Doctor—Nothing very alarming as things now stand. So far as I am able to judge, the symptoms up to now indicate merely three weeks' Wiesbaden, but were you to excite her nerves by a refusal, the case might easily develop into a couple of months' Nordenfled, or Heligoland.

[Read: Brigton, Bath or Buxton.]—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Pin Money.

How much money does a young woman need for her comfortable and adequate support? is the problem Referee J. Alfred Davenport has found it necessary to solve in a case involving the expenses of a New York girl who is a "ward in chancery." The actual cost of supporting a girl depends upon the girl and her resources. She is endowed by nature with adaptability, and, given two hundred dollars or two thousand dollars a year, will manage, in some way best known to herself, to live and be reasonably happy. To be specific, Mr. Calvin Brice's beautiful yellow-haired daughter could not keep herself in bon-bons, driving-gloves and stationery with two hundred dollars a year. Col. Fellows' daughter spends two hundred dollars for athletics alone; pretty Miss Fanny Pryor has an allowance of sixty dollars a month, every penny of which she devotes to the purchase of new apparatus for her private gymnasium or special instruction in physical culture. Rumor has it that the sweet and gentle Miss Helen Gould has two thousand dollars for pocket-money alone, out of which sweets, scent, notions, reading matter, music stamps, and albums are provided for. A noted beauty, who lives on Madison avenue, pays eleven hundred and twelve dollars every year for massage treatments, Turkish baths, shampoos and hair trimming. These are not extravagant notions, but absolutely requisite for bodily health and personal comfort. Each of Sir George M. Pullman's pretty daughters has an allowance of three thousand dollars, and their accounts are always overdrawn. When Mrs. Snell-McCrea-Green was little Allie Snell of Chicago, she had the rent of a whitestone house in Ada street, opposite the Snell mansion, to pay her candy and millinery bills, and Miss Doane, daughter of J. W. Doane, the wholesale grocery prince of the Windy City, is allowed three thousand dollars for her clothes, and never has enough money in June to pay her traveling expenses to the family country-house in Connecticut. When Amelle Rives was paid for The Quick or the

A Story Without Words.

Dead? she "got something to wear," to use her own words, and the India-silk night-gowns, the crepe de chine dresses, the cloth suits and opera-wraps, and the model Worth toilet that she had longed for all through her girlhood, were purchased, together with the silk stockings, pretty boots, and a few pieces of inexpensive jewelry, amounting in all to about six thousand dollars. All the facts mentioned refer to sweet, simple, womanly girls under the guidance and judgment of sensible, forceful mothers.—*N. Y. World.*

A Lapsus Linguae.

Bernardo, on taking leave of a friend, shook hands with him and was heard to say: "What is the matter with you? Your hand is cold and clammy like that of a serpent."

A New Application.

Nellie (aged four, who does not like to be kissed)—Mamma!

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Nellie—If anyone wants to kiss me, I'm out.

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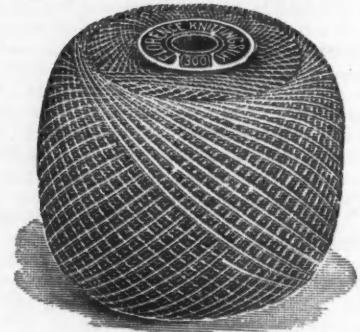
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and you will receive it by return post.

A Story Without Words.



A Tender Heart.



He—I have three thousand a year. You can certainly live on that.

She—Yes; but I should hate to see you starve.—*Life.*

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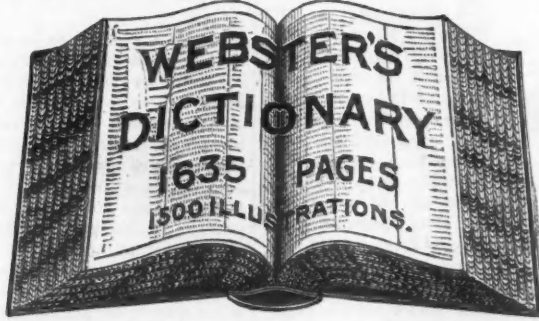
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Our Summer Number.

In accordance with the promise given to our patrons last year SATURDAY NIGHT will issue in a few weeks its special holiday publication, CANADA'S SUMMER. This number has been prepared on somewhat similar lines to our CHRISTMAS SATURDAY NIGHT, which was so deservedly popular. It has been improved wherever experience has enabled us to make an improvement. Its contents have been carefully selected to suit the holiday season. As this number has been a long time under consideration, due care and time have been given to every department, with the most favorable results. Experienced and skilled men have been employed in every portion of the work and they have produced a holiday paper second to none ever turned off a Canadian press.

The cover design, an artistic and delicate combination of blue and gold, gives a familiar and delightful view of our own Toronto bay, with its many pleasure steamers, yachts and skiffs. In the background lies the city with its familiar buildings and its spires and towers pointing to the sky. "There's no place like home," and if Toronto people wish to send to friends abroad a reminder of their loved Canadian Queen City they cannot find anything more tasteful or pleasing than CANADA'S SUMMER. The stories, poems and sketches have all been specially written for this number by some of the brightest and cleverest writers our country possesses, and, as has been said before, it has all been carefully revised with a view to securing the highest possible excellence. The pictorial part of the paper will be up to the highest mark. It will embrace a series of beautiful wash-drawings of Canadian summer scenes, as well as a number of important and interesting figure subjects, engraved by the exquisite half-tone photo-process, which has now, to a large extent, superseded wood engraving. These pictures are from the easels of such well-known artists as Messrs. G. A. Reid, William Cruikshank, C. M. Manley and others. Typographically our holiday number will be prepared and printed in the handsomest style. CANADA'S SUMMER will be found to be composed of sterling material. It will be bright and attractive to look at. It will be surpassed by no Canadian publication in the beauty and merit of its illustrations. It will be brimful of light, interesting and attractive reading, and it will be found worth more than its moderate price of twenty-five cents.

Music.

A SHORT season of minstrelsy by the Toronto Minstrel Club last week was not as well attended as the excellence of the performance deserved. The usual first part of songs, etc., was rather long, but was well rendered by both soloists and chorus. A feature of the stage setting was the presence of a charming page, Master Garnet Genereux, a little boy of rare beauty, who sat at the interlocutor's feet and placed the titles of the numbers to be sung on a handsome stand. Applause attended the efforts of all the soloists, Messrs. G. Taylor, A. E. Dent, J. B. Mundie, J. F. Thomson, J. A. Macdonald and H. S. Mould, encores being frequent and hearty. The end men were appropriately funny and the humor of the performance was excellent, though some of the jokes had the geniality of old acquaintance. Messrs. J. Lawler Woods and W. E. Ramsay excelled in both song and



MASTER GARNET GENEREUX.

dialogue, both making excellent darkies. The chorus sang excellently, and numbered some thirty odd voices. In precision and shading they were very praiseworthy, some accompanied choruses being rendered with special care. The medley which closed this part wound up with national music, in which Mr. Kerrison's God Preserve Our Native Land, occupied an effective part. One of the most attractive features of the performance was the coffee-pot solo of Mr. George R. Joseph of Montreal, who played on this unique instrument in a manner and with an artistic effect that surprised all his hearers. A stump

speech by Messrs. Macdonald and Ramsay was very well conceived and excellently carried out. Mr. Smedley's mandolin and guitar quartettes were also successful in their efforts to please, and were awarded recalls at each appearance. Altogether the performance was a thorough success.

The public hall of the Normal School was crowded on Wednesday evening of last week on the occasion of the public recital of Miss Hillary's Choral Club. It must have been gratifying to her to have seen so much interest evinced in her new enterprise. The young ladies sang excellently, with due attention to shading and phrasing. The tone was pretty and clear and rich in quality. Precision and crispness, as well as truthful intonation, made the concert a delightful one, while the brightness and spirited movement of the pieces gave a character of force and energy to the performance that was a surprise to many. Incidental solos were well sung by Mrs. Philip Todd and Miss Pringle. Mrs. Caldwell proved a welcome addition to the programme, and sang her songs in the best manner, which it is almost needless to say, called forth warm plaudits.

The first annual examination of the Canadian College of Organists will be held on June 18, 19 and 20, in the Metropolitan Church under the supervision of Mr. S. P. Warren of New York, chief examiner. On the evening of the 19th an organ recital will be given by Mr. Warren in the church, at which a chorus of several hundred voices will take part. I understand that the choir of the Metropolitan Jarvis street Baptist, Emmanuel Baptist and Ascension Churches will be massed for this purpose.

If you want to hear good orchestral music and have a pleasant trip, go over to Buffalo on Monday and hear the great Strauss orchestra.

Mr. V. Perrie Hunt has been appointed organist and choirmaster in the Zion Congregational Church, College street. His duties commenced on Sunday, June 1.

Mr. T. Singleton of Port Hope has again been very successful with his harmony pupils at the Trinity College Examination in Music. Out of eight pupils whom he prepared he passed three firsts, three seconds and two thirds, a most creditable showing.

[Further musical notices will be found on page 2.] METRONOME.

The Drama.

The only thing going on in the dramatic line this week has been James Reilly in *The Broommaker* of Carlsbad at Jacobs & Sparrow's. This play has been revisited by many who saw it at the Academy of Music a month or two ago. As far as the play is concerned there can be said very little as to its dramatic excellence, but the combinations of play and James Reilly's singing and the frolicking of the children make altogether a very picturesque and wholesome entertainment. Reilly is really a clever young man who will probably make his way in the romantic melodramatic line and may perhaps rise higher. He is supported by a fairly good company. The two children with him delight all who have visited the Broommaker.

Mrs. Kendal told the *Dramatic Mirror* before she sailed that one reason why she had succeeded in pleasing the American public was that she came before them without false pretences.

"I didn't pretend to be younger than I am," she said, "and I didn't expect them to accept my acting on the strength of my reputation in London. My confidence in the American aversion to humbug was not misplaced—and they liked me." Mrs. Kendal said she thought that the prejudice against a certain class of English actors that visit America was due to the fact that they endeavored to impose upon the press and public by pretending to occupy a better position at home than belonged to them. They were speedily found out and distrust of British players became general. "This is the great country for actors," said Mrs. Kendal enthusiastically. "They can win more fame and earn more money in America, providing they possess ability, than anywhere under the sun. Your theatrical system is so vast and so constantly expanding that the supply of talent cannot keep pace with it."

A writer in the *New York Sun* dealing with the subject of first performances, says: "To the average theatergoer there is a peculiar fascination and piquant charm in a first night's performance—the eagerness of anticipation finding fruition in the delight of novelty, the enthusiasm, applause, flowers, and general exhilaration in the atmosphere."

"To the average actor a first night is a jubilee of exquisite agony, only equalled by the torture described in *Paradise Lost*. In the old days of the stock companies, when the programme was changed every evening, and one first night followed another with such rapid sequence as to be considered of little importance, there was less of the nervous apprehension, high tension, general mental disturbance, and physical demoralization apparent, than now, when after weeks of wearisome rehearsing, an unlimited outlay of money, and most painstaking preparation, a first night's success inaugurates months of prosperous business for the piece, and failure is ominous and disheartening. Still, there is a tradition familiar to the profession that Macready trembled so from stage fright on opening nights in London that the people in the front row could hear his armor rattle."

"No matter how carefully a piece has been prepared, how many dress rehearsals have been held, how confident every one is of success, the only cool person behind the scenes on an opening night is the stage manager. Up stairs the shaking chorus girls hustle into new and unfamiliar costumes. To be sure there isn't much of them but stockings, but when you need to jump out of one dress and into another in a fraction of a minute it is nice to know where the hooks are and just how the sash ties. Down stairs the prima donna silently makes up her face with agony in her heart, and the leading tenor shivers as he curls his mustache. The stage carpenters talk to her

in the flies and study the unfamiliar scenes, and the property man arranges everything to his hand and then forgets where he puts it. Occasionally somebody blunders, and the curtain comes down in the midst of a snarl instead of at its close. Occasionally a boy of chorus girls come trooping on the stage at the wrong time, as they did in the *Grand Duchesse*, jumping an entire scene. One of them gets puzzled with the excitement and general ebullition and insists upon rushing on, and then the whole flock follow, for they are trained in chorus and follow their leader like sheep over a wall. Or again they flutter off at an unexpected time, leaving the musical director beating time to nothing."

"Another feature which seems to complicate matters is the utter oblivion the principal ladies have of everything but the new clothes they are to appear in and the length of time they require and take, no matter how great the hurry, to adjust all their little arrangements. Once in a while a costume fits so badly that it is impossible to appear in it. The writer saw a chorus girl behind the scenes at the Casino one night, with a bodice which would not meet by two inches, appealing pathetically to the stage manager for permission to cut the act for very obvious reasons; and at the German opera last winter, Fraulein Huhn fainted on the stage from the pain caused by the tightness of her bodice about the armpits. At rare intervals, too, the musicians become confused by repeated encores and the interpolation of new songs, and when the conductor calls for number six, some misguided but energetic trombone peals forth number seven to the destruction of harmony."

"Of course there is a manifest difference in the amount of nervousness felt by actors under the first-night strain, but, as a rule, comedians suffer most intensely. Mr. Hopper describes the sensation as 'sort of a mental chaos coupled with a wish-you-were-dead feeling, and a disturbing uncertainty as to whether you are dead or not. Sometimes you don't really find out until you read your obituary in the morning paper, and then you do know beyond a doubt.' 'Hopper is said to be one of the coolest of first-night men, and yet on opening night of *Castles in the Air* he shivered from foundations to turrets for a time through that good-natured actor's fright, and from sheer nervousness he was dressed and on the stage at 7:30, when his cue was not given until near 9."

"Francis Wilson is one of the most disturbed first-night men in the profession. He says himself that 'the moment before an actor speaks his first line is a horrible one—the suffering is torture and indescribable. After I begin to feel the sympathy and appreciation of my audience, the intensity of distress is diminished to a certain extent, but the happiest moment of a first-night is at the close. One first night when I played in Boston, I really thought I was ill and consulted a physician, and reflected as I went tremblingly out to the front that I would probably not appear again in sometime, as I was surely booked for a long illness. At the end of the second act, I suddenly woke up to the fact that I never felt better in my life, and that my fancied illness was only a bad case of stage fright.'"

"Marie Jansen is another anxious sufferer on first nights, because strange to say, she has a little trick of learning her lines by rehearsal rather than study, and is not quite sure of them when the piece goes on. She said once in her chatty way, speaking of her work: 'The worst thing about the stage business is the indescribable something called stage fright. The minute before I go on in a new piece is awful, but after I make my plunge and flounder round a little I'm all over it.' "Lillian Russell has a little trick of losing her appetite entirely the day before a new play goes on, and eats nothing at all from her breakfast until after the performance. In spite of her fast she experiences no faintness and comparatively little of the customary nervousness and general razzle-dazzle. She has a comfortable sedan chair in which she reclines during waits, while her maid, who has been rehearsed in the costume until she is as familiar with it as the prima donna is with her lines, makes the preparations for the speedy changes to follow. And the light and spicy matter with which she entertains herself is the study of theosophy. One would as readily imagine a nightingale prying over a volapuk dictionary as the fair Lillian puzzling her pretty head over a subject of such solidity. Sometimes she comes down from the heights and tints photographs on glass for diversion, while the music echoes through the room, and her admirers wait eagerly in front for her reappearance. A few years ago, when this tranquil lady was a slim little maiden and sang her first ballad at Tony Pastor's, she lost all consciousness from fright as she waited for her cue, and only recovered herself when she had sung two or three stanzas of her song."

"Faany Rice amuses herself during waits by studying French, and stands about in the entrances with a grammar under her arm like a veritable Boston Back Bay beauty without eye-glasses. The merry Faany doesn't study any on first nights. She is too anxious to think of accents and conjugations or to eat any supper, even though a dreadful faintness sometimes adds itself to the other discomforts. 'I haven't any appetite, you know, until morning, and then sometimes the criticisms of the papers take it away again.'"

"Fred Solomon is a very steady-going first-nighter, rarely confused or nervous until everything is over, when he promptly collapses. Fred Leslie is another so thoroughly in possession of all his faculties that if he forgets his lines he interpolates something from any or all the operas he knows until he tides over the break, as in the stock company days, when, if you went to hear Hamlet, you listened to a great deal of Richard III., *The Beggar of Paris*, and *Seven Degrees of Crime*."

"Mr. Barton of the Casino adds the interesting bit of information that a company carefully rehearsed, after having played a piece a hundred nights in New York, will, when playing the piece on the first night in another city, forget half their lines from nervousness. Sometimes the applause is confusing, as was the case of Bishop, now dead, who received such an enthusiastic welcome in New Orleans that he couldn't think of a line of the piece in which

he had appeared many times. Walden Ramsey was so deathly sick at the stomach on first nights that he frequently had to retire from the stage in the middle of an act. Another peculiar effect of stage fright was exhibited by an understudy, who had seen the part played hundreds of times, and was continually talking of her proficiency in it, but when at last her opportunity came, and the curtain rose, she opened her mouth but could not make the faintest sound. The nervousness of comedians is attributed by managers to the interpolation of gags and the anxiety concerning their effect on the audience. There is always a question in their minds as they spring a delightful old chestnut on their listeners. Will they die, or will they laugh? and the doubt is naturally confusing to the unities."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Boucicault's new play for Sol Smith Russell has been named *A Crank*.

Rob Mantell intends to spend his holidays with Gus Pitou at his place on Lake Simcoe.

Scott's *Ivanhoe* is supposed to be the subject of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, which is to be produced at D'Oyley Carte's new London theater early next fall. Julian Sturgis is writing the libretto.

Fred Leslie, the eminent English burlesque actor, is reported to be quite ill at Monte Carlo with sciatica, which supervened from the blood-poisoning that disabled him two years ago and was due to wearing colored tights.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace, held at Stratford-on-Avon, England, last month, it was reported that no less than 20,000 persons, representing thirty-nine nationalities, had paid for admission to the poet's house during the past twelve months. A motion to open the house each Sunday was tabled after a spirited discussion.

Miss Attalie Claire, a Toronto young lady, who, it will be remembered, sang here with Albani, has made a hit as *Marguerite* in New York. The *New York World* says of her: "Miss Claire has at least three natural advantages ready to hand to recommend her as a representative of the Goethe-Gounod heroine—youth, good looks and a beautiful voice. Hitherto she has appeared in roles less exacting than *Marguerite*, and it is a pleasure to record her success in this her first appearance in a great role. In appearance she is lovely to look upon, and she will approach more nearly an ideal *Marguerite* when she becomes altogether natural."

Art and Artists.

In my review of the O. S. A. exhibition last week I credited Mr. Gilbert R. Frith with a statuette, the *Messenger of Love*, which is Mr. MacCarthy's production. Mr. Frith exhibits a pretty little ideal subject entitled *Fair Canada*.

The last meeting for the season of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. Mr. R. Holmes was elected treasurer in place of Mr. W. Bengough, resigned. A committee was appointed to arrange for a series of sketching rambles for the members on Saturday afternoons during the summer.

I am sure every Canadian will be glad to congratulate Paul Peel on his success in winning the gold medal for his picture in the *Salon*, even if it does not make him the "most famous painter in Europe," as was stated in one of the despatches. Mr. Peel has always given great promise, and this result of his assiduous devotion to art is likely to be but a prelude to greater things to come. It is, however, rather poor consolation for us at home to reflect that all our bright young artists have to go to foreign countries to win success and almost—let us whisper—to make a living. But such is the prevailing state of affairs at present, and it is likely to continue for a time. A similar state of affairs prevails in the United States, so that we are not alone in this. Only this week one of the most eminent of American artists, Mr. W. W. Story, writes a vigorous protest from Rome against the action of the U. S. government in imposing heavy duties on works of art, when the native industry, if it may be called such, is so much in need of the inspiration given by the masterpieces of the Old World. Our Canadian contingent across the water comprises besides Mr. Peel, Mr. Homer Watson, Mr. J. K. Lawson and a number of others not so well known. Mr. Peel has nothing on exhibition here this year. VAN.

Varsity Chat.

The librarian has spread his tent in the Biological Department. Two rooms are occupied, one on the main floor and one in the basement. Mr. Brebner makes spasmodic efforts to bring order out of confusion while books come in faster than his practised hands move. About two thousand dollars worth of literature came in one morning this week. Distinguished friends in England of noble blood are busying themselves in our behalf, but of course somewhat slowly as is the fashion over there. On the whole the drift of events promises a better library than the one destroyed, but a few rare volumes which cannot be replaced.

Commencement takes place on Tuesday, June 10. In the evening at Harry Webb's the graduating class will hold their annual meeting and dinner at 8 o'clock and a dollar and a half. It will doubtless be an interesting gathering, the conclusion of a happy four years.

Prof. and Mrs. Hutton entertain the fourth year classical men at a garden party at their residence, Queen's Park, on Monday afternoon next.

Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., is off to Germany for the summer, doubtless to delve after the golden ore of lore and use his influence at the universities on behalf of the library. NEMO.

No Flies on the Children of Israel. "And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (impressively) there were no flies on the children of Israel. Small Boy—Please, ma'am, there ain't any now, either.—*Bostonian*."



Sweet Rest.

For Saturday Night.

In days of yore,
Went gaily o'er
The ancient ward so green
A plumed knight,
In steel bedight—
No braver e'er was seen.

Part castle walls,
Where drawbridge falls
Ere friend or foe pass through,
O'er prospect bright
Rode forth the knight,
Through forest wet with dew.

He sat his steed
With little heed
Of war, or war's alarms,
For Love had now
Revealed his vow—
In rest he bore his arms.

He sang this song,
As swift along
His courser lightly flew:
"My love so fair,
With golden hair,
And eyes of heaven's blue."

"My fond heart yearns,
My spirit burns
To pledge to thee anew,
Soon to thy feet
Love's offering sweet
Shall I bring, dear, to you."

Ah, fearful check!
With awestruck beak
A form, with age oppressed,
Rose from the vale,
With visage pale,
In shroud-like vestments dressed.

With visor down,
And deepening frown,
Yet not unkind with fear,
The warrior said:
"Thou almost dead,
Why draw you now so near?"

"Say what art thou,
Whose aged brow
The frosts of Time adorn,
Why com'st thou here
In grave-like gear,
With feeble step forlorn?"

"Oh mortal, brave!
The quiet grave
With its deep sleep so blest,
For that I sigh,
Or doleful cry,
That I therein may rest."

"Though Time to man,
Be but a span,
To me it is not so;
For I remain
On Earth's wide plain
While ages come and go."

"Thy fellow men
With feeble pen
Refuse to let me lie;
Upon my rest
With steadfast zest,
They break and gruesome cry."

"Their summons dress
I ever hear
From Easter to Yule;
For know, thou bloke,
I am that joke
They crack about the mule."

Dawn.

For Saturday Night.

When the first radiant streaks of dawn
Begin to glid the eastern sky,
As by an angel's finger drawn,
Great golden gleams that dim the eye.

When shades of rose and glints of green,
And pearls of silver light,
Athwart the bluest sky e'er seen
Fling a fair mantle shining bright.

When gold and rose commingle there,
In one most beautiful canopy,
A nameless presence thrills the air
With strains of solemn symphony.

And Mother Nature rises up,
Rubs from her eyes the night's soft sleep,
And in each fairy flow'ers' cup,
The dancing dewdrops dimple deep.

In rustling trees the waking bird
Calls to its mate that it is day,
And leaves and grass are softly stirred
By zephyrs passing on their way.

And from beneath, and from above,
Comes to one's heart a heavenly peace,
And all things whisper—Life is Love,
And Love and Life can never cease.

E. M. SCHOLFIELD.

The Fatal "No."

Black-eyed Alice was so stately,
Of such queenly presence she,
That each night when she sedately
Gave her finger-tips to me,
Chilled by such a haughty bearing
I essayed no greater daring.

Even my looks I long dissembled
Fearing that too bold they were,
And my voice that somehow trembled
As I parted late from her—
As I said, "Good-night," and after,
Cursed her good-night's careless laughter.

But alas for stately Alice
And the seeming haughty bearing,
For the black eyes' tender malice
Stung me once to sudden daring.
Dear black-eyes! that then belied her,
As I trembled there beside her.

Suddenly her bearing altered
And a coy sweet smile possessed her,
While the little "No" she faltered
Conscious of my wish confessed her.
Ah, that "No!" Could I resist her?
When she faltered "No," I kissed her.

Song of the Consummately Soulful.

I shall wed a fair aesthetic,
Quite regardless of expense;
All I ask that she be utter,
And in all things quite intense.
Limp, of course, and lank she must be,
Clad in minor tones of green,
Consummately soulful, earnest,
Must she be, my precious queen.

We shall feast on lilies daily,
Quaffing draughts of beauty fair,
With a dish of ferns on Sunday,
Or a peacock's feather rare.
Thus shall our lives forever,
Like two gently gurgling rills,
Breathing poetry and too-too,
And her dad shall foot the bills.

Noted People.

Jean Ingelow, the English poet, is writing her memoirs.

"My life and my work belong to Africa, and there I shall die," wrote Emin Pasha in a letter to a friend not long ago.

M. Hector Hanoteau, the French landscape painter, is dead. His most famous picture is, perhaps, *The Water Lilies*.

M. Catacazy, whose long service as Russian Minister at Washington suddenly came to an unfortunate end, and who afterward became one of the editors of the *Paris Figaro*, is dead.

Lady Diana Belcher, widow of the famous Arctic explorer, and authoress of an interesting account of *The Mutineers of the Bounty*, on which her step-father had been a midshipman, is dead.

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, who is now living in Japan, is writing a new epic poem, to be called *The Light of the World*, the subject of which is the life and teaching of Christ.

Miss E. M. Merrick, the English artist who went to Cairo to paint the portrait of the khedive, is to paint a portrait of Henry M. Stanley, which is to be presented to the Royal Geographical Society.

Captain Peschkoff, the Cossack officer who is riding one horse across Asia to St. Petersburg, met the "grippe" traveling on the steppes, and was therefore able to keep up with current fashions on the lonely wastes. He was delayed a fortnight.

Miss May Rogers of Dubuque, Iowa, is the author of a *Waverley Dictionary*, in which thirteen hundred or more characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels are all described, with illustrative extracts from the text. The book is said to be a complete key to Scott's works.

A rather over-cultured and over-strained literary and critical review makes the statement that "Hannah Moore was never kissed in her life." In this fact may possibly be found a clue to the origin of that familiar classical saying: "And what's the matter with Hannah."

Count Charles Dillon, who died in Paris last week from the effects of an accident, was one of the few survivors of the Court of Charles X., to whom he was Page of Honor during the last four years of his reign. He had lived much in England, and spoke the language remarkably well.

The British Society for the Protection of Life from Fire has lately awarded three prizes for bravery and humanity at the burning of the Forest Gate Asylum—to Miss Maria Julia Bloomfield, who receives an illuminated testimonial and £3, and to Miss Eliza Roe and Miss Laura Terry, a niece of Ellen Terry, certificates and prizes of a sovereign each.

The Princess of Wales has had a little house built in a cozy nook of the grounds at Sandringham. She is very devoted to this spot, and when the house is full of guests her Royal Highness frequently goes there for afternoon tea with a chosen few to whom she personally dispenses the cheering cup. This summer house is known as the Princess's Folly.

The tiny King of Spain was four years old on Saturday. Queen Christina held a Drawing Room on the occasion, at which two hundred and fifty ladies were present. Young Alfonso's health is now better, and his mother intends to take him and his sisters to San Sebastian, to spend the summer at Ayete Castle. The king was dressed in a sailor costume on the above occasion.

Miss Dorothy Tennant of London, who is to marry Henry M. Stanley in July, is the original of the graceful picture by Millais called *Yes or No*, which engravings and photographs have made so familiar. She is a beautiful woman of thirty, well known in English society as a clever artist, a scholar, a linguist, a good talker and an authority on clothes, both by precept and example.

Mrs. Cleveland's mail is little lessened by her return to private life. It contains letters of all kinds, from the praises of admiring school-girls to the pleas of the begging letter-writer, whose name is legion. Like the well-bred woman she is, Mrs. Cleveland answers promptly all communications which have a just claim to her attention, but scores of letters from unknown correspondents go every week into the waste basket.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett returned to America suddenly because of the illness of her son Lionel. He is now getting better, and she will soon take him abroad with her. She says: "My children and I have always been such friends and companions. It has been my entire aim to let my boys be boys. They have associated with whom they pleased. Their companions might be rich or poor or shabby, if they were only frank, honest and straightforward."

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has no patience with "airs." Once when the Princess was the guest of a nobleman in the north, one of his young daughters refused to clean her own slate at her governess' command, and rang the bell for a servant to do so. The princess, who often came into the school-room for a chat in German, opportunely appeared on the scene in the midst of this vexed question, and was appealed to by the governess. She said: "I can only say that I was always made to clean my own slate, and I am the Queen's daughter." The refractory pupil was speedily subdued.

An amusing incident occurred the other day with regard to one of the members of the Royal family. The Princess Mary of Cambridge was to have distributed prizes to a number of children in connection with some philanthropic institution. While the children were waiting for the arrival of the royal party, hymns were sung. Unfortunately, the Princess Mary was not punctual as she usually is, and so the programme was continued. Presently her Royal Highness arrived, and unluckily, just at the moment of her making her late appearance, the next item on the programme was a song, which the children sang, entitled: *Wake up, Mary!*

It is not every playwright who starts under such favorable conditions as the Sultan, who is said to have taken to writing comediettas.

He has it all his own way. Some incident in the Court or the Seraglio gives him an idea. Instantly the drama is sketched out, the actors summoned, the roles distributed, and on the same evening the performance takes place. They say that the Sultan's comedies are strong in character sketches, in which the various failings and peculiarities of his *entourage* are held up to ridicule. As the whole Court is compelled to take tickets for the performances, he is always sure of an attentive, if not an appreciative, audience.

Ernest Renan, the religious historian and critic, has charming quarters at the College de France, of which he is rector. His rooms are lit throughout with electric light, conveyed from the college laboratory, and they are furnished with both taste and luxury. Renan is getting to be as stout as the typical medieval abbot, and for the same reason—love of good cheer. Mme. Renan, a daughter, by the way, of Ary Scheffer, the painter, is a remarkably good cook, and her pride is to tickle Renan's palate every day with some cunningly devised dish. Renan has a heavy sensual face, with not a little of the Jew in it, although he has not a trace of Judaism in his blood. Eight centuries of Breton life lie behind him, and he can to-day make out an honest, irreproachable pedigree which few aristocrats could equal. The great man is as dogmatic as ever Macaulay was. He cannot bear to be interrupted when talking, and it goes hard with him to patiently endure a contradiction. When he receives guests at his weekly gatherings he holds forth to them by the half hour. He is fond of standing before the grate, and from that position he lays down the law upon anything and everything. For ability to speak learnedly and eloquently upon any subject he may be compared with Mr. Gladstone.

Quotations Fitted In.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—*Montaigne*.

An aptly-presented idea gives pleasure to most people. We like to get the concentrated thoughts of the wise who lived and are living. We enjoy reading their opinions, and often we fit their sayings into our lives, and prove the words true by our own well-conned lesson of experience.

To me the sayings of favorite authors have been an inspiration and a comfort. Sometimes the words burn in their caustic reproof. Often they soothe, and occasionally they lift one out of the self-made groove of me and my affairs, and enlarge the horizon of the mind. Then, too, there are the words of cheer urging us on. We need them, and if we take them from books, we may fit them in our own lives when we require their sympathy.

When the world and his wife have entered their house, and shut the door; when purses yawn blankly and everybody seems to have just discovered that it is a great mistake to live in a world like this, I loosen one of these tied-up corners—my pet quotations trot it around, look for its points, and—feel better. Take for instance this: "Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning it, but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is not sure of winning it." These words have fitted in many a time.

Some days we feel unsettled. We cannot understand why things are divided so unequally. We wonder if Mrs. Moneybags ever has anything to bother her, and Emerson's sage reflection: "Ah, if the rich were as rich as the poor fancy riches," makes us see that life is always somewhat wrinkled.

Following closely comes a whisper as to the abiding-place of real happiness: "The secret of happiness is the appreciation of the beautiful in nature—the appreciation of God's unwritten poetry."

When harsh words sting and when people resolutely believe everything but the truth, we cry out with pity for their misguided ignorance, commiseration for ourselves and a little impatience: "The public is just a great baby." When we have petted an idea until it is a hobby, we must not expect the world at large to agree with us as to its merits, and, to keep tempers unruined we may say softly: "Tis with our wisdom as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Perhaps we might learn a lesson in forbearance from the words of Lowell: "Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts."

Suffering comes to all. If it might be that we could determine to accept it submissively and bear it bravely, the bitterness would be removed. If we feel it only right and just then we can say: "Into all lives, some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary."

If that comes from the heart we are sure of this: "Tis held that sorrow makes us wise." When circumstances work together to defeat us, and we feel inclined to believe in luck after all, Scott's cheering words set things right: "There will be rubs in the smoothest road, especially if it leads up hill."

If some one has wronged us, and we, forgetting to be forgiving, are planning revenge, we may find a helpful lesson in the words: "Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself."

We are creatures of impulse. We mean to be good. We want to be kind, but daily life is often not as creditable a showing as we would wish to exhibit. We are impatient, quick-tongued, heedless. Some day a bitter word come back to stay with us in memory for ever. Margaret Sangster puts it tenderly:

"So many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken, for cruel words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

It is, of course, natural that knowing more of the life of any individual, we should attribute to them this virtue of mind, that defect. We often admire those whom distance has removed from us. Would it not be well to bear in mind, that "People who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our own eye."

Of our friends—those who are dear to us—others are oftentimes ready and willing to repeat disparaging, though true, statements. Advice is seldom thankfully received, but upon such an occasion one could almost afford to proffer it, though it were sure of an ungracious attention. The would-be meddler should learn

that "Though it be honest, it is never good to bring bad news."

Perhaps we grow too practical, too careless, dropping from voices the tender notes of sympathy. We admire the beautiful and forget to pity the malformed or the hideous. The words of the French priest, who looked down at the repulsive spider, were kindly ones: "Poor brute, it is not thy fault."

When we pause before some undertaking, fearful in many respects, dallying with opportunity, the curt information: "Advantage feeds him fat while men daley," can scarcely fail to help us to a decision.

To most of us, some time, comes the day when Moore's assertion: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," is seconded by an echo from the inmost heart. That day earth is fairer, people are better, heaven is nearer than heretofore, and the broadest, kindest rays of the sun of happiness invest even the gray places of life with their golden glamour.

Following that day there will surely come days when impatience claims us. It is so easy, so very easy, to attribute wrong motives to innocently-performed actions. There are days when some thoughtlessness wounds us—some neglect pains us, and we shall find comfort in the gently-reproving words:

"How can we gauge the whole,
Who only know the part?
How can we read the life,
When we cannot spell the heart?"
Hood tells us in his terse style that
"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

The two should surely dispel complaining selfishness, and help us to pour out full measures of charity to those around us.

One other day comes to me—the day when some success smiles even faintly upon earnest effort. That day pride lurks about, and the good old Quaker poet wrote years ago:

"In songs of triumph the tempter calls,
And he who thinketh he standeth falls."

They are most of them well-written words, graced by a happy expression, or rendered melodious by careful measure and they mean that some heart has been lonely, suffering, repentant, brave or gay.

The thought which we prize is the one that comes into our lives, finds a place for itself in our experience and makes us feel its perfect truth.

The words of those who have lived, should surely serve to some purpose those who are living. Their grand thoughts, their tireless energy, their forbearance, generosity, courage and despair tighten the bond of sympathy. We are human as they were. They lived and wrote. We learn.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

The Poetry of Trout Fishing.

It is a beautiful sight and a most seductive example of the great principle of true art to watch an accomplished fisherman drop his flies lightly upon the surface of a trout stream and float them gently and tenderly over or past that is supposed to be the boudoir of some proud queen of the water or the royal retreat of her kingly mate. The skill with which the angler avails himself of all possibilities of bank or bush to conceal his form or shadow from the shy and suspicious fish, his rapturous attention and silence, and the way he wags the passing breeze to waft his feathery hook with loving care to the very spot desired, or defies it to prevent him, dropping it as falls the snowflake on the river; the ethereal lightness of the "feather-tipped barb," the graceful curve of the plant rod, the whistle of the silken line as it swiftly sweeps through the air, the great beauty and fierce opposition of the fish that is hooked, the crystal stream in which it delights—all these combine to make of trout fishing the very poetry of fishing.

But the fulness of it can never be enjoyed without the days of June. The year is best into full and lusty life. The weather is soft and gracious. Earth and air and sky are attuned to universal gladness. The streams sing with joy. The meadows are draughts of sweetness. The trees nod hearty greetings and beckon you to enjoyment. June! June is the time to think tenderly and longingly of the well-loved brook among the hills, and of the pools where gliding rapids grow calm, and where the alders cluster and the elms throw their dancing shadows.

Who has not in his memory a recollection of a June hour on a trout stream such as this? It is your favorite stream, and you are camping on it for a day or so. You reach it late in the afternoon, for on your way in you naturally wander here and there out of your course, because you want to see what sign there is of woodcock, and whether the old hen pheasants have laid their eggs yet, and the spring broods. So you reach your camping place late in the afternoon. By the time you get things in shape you are a little too tired to let the trout know you have arrived that evening, and you bunk in on your bed of fresh-cut hemlock boughs, and before you've heard the whip-poor-will, and making the hush of the gathering darkness seem deeper with his plaintive notes, you throw one hand over your head and behold, you are asleep.

When you wake again "far in the East a saffron tint heralds the morning. The brown-winged thrush is just astride in the leafy cove, and is piping cheerily to the passing breeze. The breeze carries the greeting to other thrushes, and other thrushes send theirs along with it. Birds that are not thrushes too their main voices on the boughs of the willow breeze until it is bearing here, there, and everywhere, the gladness and the sweetness of nature's jubilate. A saucy red squirrel chatters in the big chestnut tree over in the dewy swall. The leaves tremble and shake and scatter down little showers of silver that will glitter like jewels by and by when the sun sees them. You can't quite see the brook, but you hear it shouting to you from beyond the stretch of hemlocks. You go out and look around and swell your lungs, and feel new life in every vein.

Then, as you want a bite before you start in on the day's fishing in earnest, you build a fire to cook the trout you are going out to catch as soon as your flies are tied on. That done, you seek the brook. You find it just as you hoped it would be. While you are looking it over a green-winged fly drops on the water. In spite of its struggles the ripples bear it along, until it circles around the edge of the big rock that divides the brook just below you, a rock that looks proud of the moss that covers it, and seems to say:

"Don't you wish you were I, sitting here in the shadows, with the cool waters kissing you, and always singing to you, day in and day out, and never getting tired of it? Don't you wish you were I?"

The green-winged fly circles around the edge of the proud old rock. You see a flash in the water, and for a second or two the smooth surface is troubled and foamy. The green-winged fly is gone.

"Aha!" you say. "If you take mine like that, you're lost!"

Then you drop your flies below the rock and dance them up along its mossy side. Flash! Whistle! You have him! Your black gnat is in his jaw. Give him line! Look out for that



Miss Dorothy Tennant.

From a portrait by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

From Pall Mall Budget.

old root! Keep him away from that! Keep him! There! That's it! Cool now, and steady! See him leap from the water! Whew! but he's a beauty! There he goes, down stream like a steam engine! Follow him if he takes you half a mile! But he turns and dashes toward you! Reel in, reel in! Hold your rod higher! Straighten it up! There! Now let him head up, and where he is, and he's yours. He's a game one, but he is conquered. He follows your line now as you reel it in. But gently with him! He'll give another kick and a plunge when he sees you. There he comes! Ah, the beauty of him! Your net! Ah! He's yours! You place him on the dewy grass. You inhale the flavor of him. Nothing like it grows on shrub or tree, nor can they make it with the balm of a thousand flowers! The sun has come, and, peering at your prize through the openings in the leafy branches, makes its gold and crimson sparkle again and again. You carry the trout to your fire and put him on to cook. You go to the creek and take a soothing bath in its limpid waters. Then you take that little flat bottle of yours and walk to the edge of the alder thicket and tamper with it gently. Then you have an appetite! And no king ever had more royal dish than awaits you.

And now you are on the stream, following it where its ripples merely kiss your feet, and where you must brave it waist deep in dark pools that frown, and where cataracts are angry, and where bold rocks warn you that danger is about them, and deep ravines echo with the sullen voice of waters held in check against their will. You follow it through shadowy woods and sunlit fields—there, where it murmurs peacefully by grassy banks, there where it leaps in wanton recklessness from rock to rock. All its moods are but changing joys to you. And you cast your flies in pool and ripple, demanding tribute from the stream at every turn until you are at last at the ancient log bridge, its timbers decaying and awry, for its only use for years has been to cast shadows on the water beneath it for trout to hide under when the noonday sun throws its rays too fiercely on the brook. There is the old meadow just beyond, and the big elm on the bank, spreading its great mat of shade over the grass beneath. Here is the loved spot for luncheon and pipe, and you leave the brook to enjoy an hour. That hour! Lying in the cool shade of the old elm the smoke of your pipe cooling about in the soft June air, you see the sky, as blue as sky can be, with here and there a fleecy cloud scudding across it, and swallows dashing and flitting up and down, high and low, and never resting. You see the green row of bushes that grow along the old stone wall that keeps the meadow clear of the woods beyond, and the cool grove of maples that climbs the hill away to the right, and the old road that leads around the lower side of it so shady and smooth that no wonder people come for miles to walk in it, and nobody's horse is ever made to trot under this cove of the trees that always drop their shadows there. You see the meadow stretching away so green and level, with the cows standing in bunches under the big chestnut trees, chewing and chewing with their mild eyes closed, and their breath mingling with the perfume that even the bees can't rob the clover blossoms of, although they work like mad all day until their humming makes you faint and indolent and wish that there was nothing in the world but bees and sun and clover. And you hear the brook as it goes singing down through the meadow, hiding once in a while under the alder thickets, and then jumping out and laughing on its way, as if it were a child playing peek-a-boo with you, and by and by going off by itself in the woods

where the meadow ends, and coming back no more, like a child that has played its play and gone away forever.
But the brook dancing away woe you from the shady elm, the meadow, the clover, the bees, and your pipe, and you follow it again till weariness and the departing sun warn you that the rare June day is dying. You put the siren voice of the brook behind you, and trail homeward with the evening shadows and the sweet-breathed kine.

Small Brain Fruit.

He—Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?
She—Yes, if you are not too far gone.

Briggs—Hello, what's your hurry?
Brooks—I am going down to kill an editor. I sent in a communication signed Honestas, and the idiot added an extra "s" to it.

"We ought to have named that boy Flannel."
"Why should we have named him Flannel?"
"Because he shrinks from washing."

A philosopher says: "Don't blame the world when things go wrong." Most men do not. They simply raise a row in the family and meet the world smiling.

Father—(sternly)—Joe, do you want me to put you in the dark closet?
Little Joe (equivocally)—Papa, what makes you ask me such questions?—*Lovell Citizen*.

She—No, you have ceased to love me; I have noticed that for a long time.
He—If you have noticed it, you must have lost your affection for me, for love is blind, you know.

Student (seeking apartments)—I think this room will do. Are there any children in the house?
Landlady (hesitatingly)—Yes, one—but it is only four weeks old!

Somebody has invented a new waist attachment for ladies' dresses. We doubt if it is better than the old-fashioned kind which has a man's shoulder at one end and a cuff button near the other.

Guest (to head waiter)—Is your name Tide?
Waiter—No, sir.
Guest—Or Time?
Waiter—Not at all.
Guest—Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man.

A.—There is a sort of sympathy between extremes.

B.—I don't precisely understand what you mean.
"Well, for instance, many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty woman's foot."
—*Texas Sitings*.

Rather Embarrassing.

A country parish minister, lately visiting Edinburgh, met in the street a servant girl who had left his congregation to go to a situation.

"Well, Maggie," said he kindly, "how do you like your new situation?"
"Fine, sir; but I'm gey lonely among sae many strange folk."

"I was thinking so, Maggie. Well, I'll call and see you before I leave town."

"No, sir—very dolefully—"ye mauna dae that, for our mistress allows nae followers; but—"brightening up—"if ye come tae the back gate when its dark, I'll try tae let you in at the wundy."

A Pertinent Remark.



Mr. Proudfoot—Who's yo' a starin' at, Gabe Roobles?
Gabe (whose suspicions have been aroused)—I s'pose a cat kin look at a king, can't he?—Judge.

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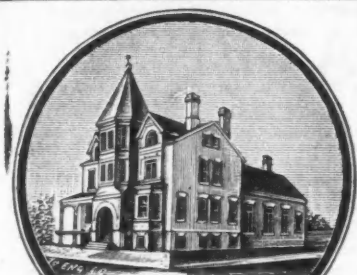
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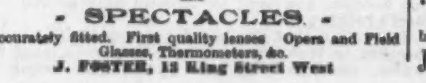
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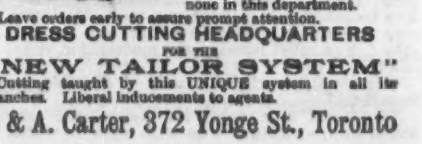
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J. & A. Carter, 372 Yonge St., Toronto



Mr. John Morley on Literature.

At the centenary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London, England, Mr. John Morley responded for Literature, and in the course of his speech said:

"I often wonder whether there are fifty, or even twenty, men and women who are earning a competence by the authorship of books, putting school books out of the question. We can depend upon it—and in saying this I am not sure that I ought not to address my remarks equally to the ladies who grace us with their presence to night—that the book-writer, unless he chance to have a great natural gift for fiction, however frugal and homely his life, whatever his sources of accumulated knowledge, if he depends upon the authorship of books as his only resource, he or she will be likely to have a hard time of it. And this marks a great change in our literary history—that the opening now, for those who look to literature as a subsistence, is in journalism. It has been truly said that the great advantage of literature is that it has the last word. So it has, in a sense—at least, the highest kind of literature has. But there is also a kind of literature which nobody can afford to despise, and which has the first word—I mean, journalistic literature. The great historian of the Council of Trent said that it was enough for him if he got a dozen readers in an age. That is one kind of literature. The other kind, to which the modern ideal more nearly conforms, is that which has a hundred thousand readers for two minutes after breakfast. The result for journalism has been undoubtedly good; and we have now in England—in journalism of the highest kind—a vivacity, an industry, and I will even say a conscientiousness, which has never before been seen in journalism. I know very well what journalism is. I began a good many years ago by teaching Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone the arts of statesmanship in the columns of important prints. As Thackeray has said of that band of which I was a very humble member: 'We taught painters how to paint, poets how to write, and we taught ladies of the ballet how to pirouette.' I have now had the advantage of seeing the other side of it; and in my very small experience I have been taught myself by young gentlemen of twenty or of five-and-twenty the arts of politics and public life.

"On the whole, however stinging, however biting, journalism may be, it is a great force for good; and we may be well satisfied if there is a certain diversion of cultivation, of intellectual interest, and of moral interest into what seems like ephemeral production; because along with it there is no cessation of great monumental works. We have them in every form and in every kind; and I must say that I for one feel that the more letters are followed as a profession the less likely is the great art of literature to suffer. But the more letters are followed as a profession the greater and the heavier will be the demands upon this society. Many will drift into it, will struggle on, and will not find out their mistake until it is too late. All of us hold our life, and even our reason, as Sir Walter Scott well says, upon a tenure more precarious than we should be content to hold even an Irish cabin upon. With many, or with some, the stage darkens before the curtain falls. Youth must always have its struggle and battle; and I have heard from those who have now grasped the glittering bubbles of fame and reputation that the days of their youth, when they were in solitary chambers with not too much to eat, when they had within them the fire of the zeal for truth and knowledge, and all the enthusiasm and illusions of youth—that those, after all, were not the least happy portions of their lives. Youth, therefore, must fight its battles; but it is not for youth that this society exists. It is for those who, as I say, have made a mistake in their vocation; and there is no vocation in which there are so many who think themselves called in proportion to the few who are chosen. In conclusion, I will only express my full confidence in the future of letters in this country. I am fully persuaded, as I am sure all of you are, that the same moral energy, the same vivid intellectual perception, the same mastery of that great instrument, our language, which has made our literature one of the greatest triumphs of Great Britain—that all these qualities will remain, will operate, and will add still further in the future to that great capital which the renown of our men of letters has given to us, and will still further strengthen the moral dominion of our realm, which is more important to us than extent of territorial possessions, and more lasting than any material supremacy."

Very Likely.



Miss Poesy, having warned Mr. Verse on his departure from home that her father did not approve of her receiving love-letters, the young man equalled the emergency in the following manner:

DEAR MISS POESY:
On my lonely journey I reflected with pleasure that our last disagreement had a satisfactory termination. As Coleridge beautifully remarks:

"For to be wroth with one we love-like,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Naturally in the revulsion of feeling after an approach to a quarrel, I would prefer to express myself with less moderation, but I have given my word of honor, and, as the poet says:

"I could not like thee, dear, half so much,
Liked I not honor more."

Now, I must say good-by until this evening. Business cares claim me for their own, and I must put on a worldly mask to meet him. Happily, as Browning hath it:

"God be thanked, the measure of his creature
Hath two souls sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he likes—her."

Yours very truly,

LYRIC VERSE.

"H'm," said old Mr. Poesy, giving his daughter a dubious look, he handed the letter back to her, "he seems to be a very likely young man."—Puck.

How They Always Talk.

Levelhead—Seen Jinks lately?
Blinks—Yes, met him last night in Ginaling's saloon. He was on one of his periodical aprees, and it was very hard to get away from him. Jinks is going down fast.

Levelhead (a few hours afterward)—Hello, Jinks! Heard you were with Blinks last night.
Jinks—Yes, met him at Ginaling's last night, and the fellow was so drunk I had to help him home. Just tell you, Blinks has got to reform pretty soon or he'll be in the gutter.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Girl Across the Way.

She sits smiling by the window
Through sunshine and through rain;
And her smile's never dimmed by sorrow,
Though it often is by pain.
—Munsey's Weekly.

TENT FOR SALE

"Fairy Lawn," red striped; size 9 x 9. Almost new, with platform complete. A bargain for quick buyer. Apply at SATURDAY NIGHT Office, or at 14 Sorden Street.

Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt system of railways. The short and picturesque summer route to
Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.

PALACE STEAM STEAMERS

Cibola and Chicora

Leave Yonge St. Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4 p.m.
Tickets at all principal offices and on boats.
JOHN FOX, Manager.

LORNE PARK HOTEL

OPENS MONDAY, JUNE 2

Under strictly first-class management.

For terms apply by letter to LORNE PARK CO., Toronto. On and after June 2 also apply at Hotel.
Swift and elegant steamer GREYHOUND is chartered for this season. Good train service.

WM. HAWTHORNE,

Manager for Company formerly of London, Ont.)

Steamship, Rail and Boat Agency

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

Chicora and Cibola

Lovely summer route to
Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all American Ports

Special attention given to Church and Society excursions.

Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to

ROBINSON & HEATH

Custom House Brokers, 69½ Yonge St.

KID GLOVES

KID GLOVES

An immense sale of Kid Gloves now going on at

McKeown & Company's

We have just purchased 489 doz.

of French Kid Gloves from a manufacturer's agent, at less than half price to clear the lot.

We have all shades of Browns,

Tans and Black, in every size.

Ladies' 4-Button Colored Kid

Gloves, 25c.

Ladies' 4-Button Colored Kid

Gloves, 39c.

Our special 4-Button Black and

Colored Kid Glove at 50c., is the best value in the city.

Undressed and Mousquetaire Kid

Gloves, 8-button length, selling 50c.

per pair, worth \$1.

Silk Gloves and Mitts in every

shade.

75 doz. Ladies' Ribbed Underwear

50c., will be cleared at 37 1-2c.

Special value in Ladies' Balbriggan,

Natural Cashmere and Cotton Underwear.

300 doz. Ladies' Black Cashmere

Hose 20c., 25c., 30c. per pair, the

greatest value we have ever shown.

A specialty with us is in our Dress-

making Department. We do first-

class Dressmaking. Every satisfac-

tion guaranteed our customers, at

LOWER PRICES than any other

house in the city.

McKeown & Company

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CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught

Magic Scale Agency

MISS CHUBB

496½ Yonge St., Just South of College

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BY A GREAT WRITER

JUST ISSUED

TOLSTOI'S

"A Kreutzer Sonata"

BY COUNT LYON F. TOLSTOI

Cheap paper edition, 60c.; or by mail, post

paid, 63c.

FOR SALE AT

P. C. ALLAN'S

35 King Street West, Toronto

MUSIC! DANCE MUSIC!

From East, West North and South. Orders are

constantly pouring in for our elegant dance music. Why?

Because it is good, cheap and just suits the dances for

which it is intended. Full size, large type and easy to

play. Piano or violin. Only for a short time longer.

ANY FOUR PIECES FOR ONE DOLLAR

Waltz Minuet. New. Prof. Davis. 60

Lawn Tennis Waltz. New. Prof. Davis. 35

Lawn Tennis Waltz. New. Prof. Davis. 75

Pi-a-Pat Schottische. New. Prof. Davis. 40

Le Zieka, play for Ripple or Rye. New. Prof. Davis. 35

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"Ripple. Original. Prof. Davis. 35

Le Frolic. Good teaching piece. Prof. Davis. 35

Cymbeline Waltz. Extra Set. Prof. Davis. 40

Bugle Call Polka. (Call to arms). Prof. Davis. 50

Lancers, for Saratoga or Bombay. Prof. Davis. 50

Boreka Quadrille. (2) are our own dances. Fully ex-

plained. Sent by mail on receipt of price. FOUR PIECES

FOR ONE DOLLAR. Address PROF. J. F. DAVIS, 91

Wilket Ave., Toronto, Teacher of Dancing. Thirty-one

years in Toronto.

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsted and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street
Corner Shuter Street

LOOK

FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

ART - IN - DRESS

TAYLOR & CO.

Art Tailors - 89 Yonge St.

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HARRY WEBB'S

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new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effect for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harm-

ful Properties

Price 50 Cents

All druggists will shortly have it for

sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWARD

THE MANUFACTURER

Paris Hair Works,

103 and 105 Yonge Street

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE



ARMAND'S

Wavy Frontpieces

For elderly ladies would be

a decided advantage to so

many ladies who wear

their hair parted contin-

ually, and through that

effort injure their hair.

Armand's Wavy Front-

pieces are of fine make and

finish and hair foundation,

and naturally wavy.

Armand's two elegant new styles of Wavy Frontpieces

(latest design) suitable only for ladies of style and taste

(qui ont du chic). Will be made to order only.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR—Easily, quickly and safely re-

moved with MODERNE solution. Price \$1.50 and \$2.50 per

bottle; sent by post, 5c. extra.

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New house and newly furnished and situated on west

shore of Lake Rosseau. Every convenience for tourists.

Boats and Bath House on the Premises. Good

Fishing in the Locality

Special terms to families. Satisfaction guaranteed. For

further particulars apply to P. Marotte, Judd Haven

P. O., Lake Rosseau, Ont.

McNAUGHTON & CO., Proprietors.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Telephone No. 2033

New arrivals—Best New York made Agate Ironware—Teapot, 56c., regular price \$1.50; 83c., regular \$1.50; Coffee Pot 53c., regular \$1.50; Pie Plates 14c., regular 25c. Full lines of these goods at same per cent. off price. Maple wood Chopping and Butter Bowls, 10c., 19c. and 34c., not half usual price. On our Bargain tables are stamped 13 in. Trays, 4c. each; Dippers, 4c.; Dust Pans, 5c.; Sponges, 2c.; Bowls, 2c. and 3c.; Children's Decorated Plates, 4c.; Envelopes, 1c. bunch and 2c. bunch. These are but small percentages of real value and others equally cheap and attractive are through the center of our store. Bird Cages in fine variety, with all the new styles. Be sure and read our Price List. It will tell you how to buy best makes of goods at very best advantage. Mailed free.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

Swiss, Tambour, Applique, Colbert, Irish Point and Brussels Point Curtains

BEST VALUE THAT HAS EVER COME TO THIS MARKET

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Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains

DECORATIONS—JAPANESE LEATHERS, FRENCH LEATHERS, ANAGLYPTA

AND ALL HEAVY RELIEF HANGINGS

WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS

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INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or counterissuing certificates of stock, bonds, and other obligations.

Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor. Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.

ALL INVESTMENTS ARE GUARANTEED.

THE INVESTMENT BONDS OF THE Company are issued in amounts of \$100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

WM. STONE, President. G. F. POTTER, Managing Director.

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

summed that barricaded aspect betokening summer solitude. From present appearances it looks as if there really would be "not a soul in town" before many weeks have past. However, it is likely that enough persons will remain behind to run the city and endeavor to console themselves with urban amusements.

Mr. W. A. May of Sutton, England, the publisher of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, was in the city last week. He is at present making a tour of Canada, and expressed himself as highly pleased with what he has so far witnessed, as well as considerably surprised at the prosperous appearance of everybody and everything he had seen so far.

Mr. John Graham and a party of friends are having splendid sport at his trout lakes on the Blanche River, back of Buckingham. They have already sent to the city some five hundred pounds of speckled trout and some splendid gray trout, several of the latter turning the scales at twelve pounds. The party includes Messrs. Thomas Graham, Fred Drewry, T. McGee and Walter Spittal.

Mr. John Woodruff, late traveling companion to Col. Bernard, the brother of Lady Macdonald, has settled down in Ottawa with his young English bride, and is delighting the youth of the various Sunday Schools in the city, by giving magic lantern exhibitions showing views of the various places he has visited in his many foreign tours.

The following members of Emmanuel Church gave a very agreeable entertainment to the junior members of the congregation a few evenings since: Miss Butterworth (piano), Mr. Lader (violin), Miss Hurdman, Miss Hill, Miss Peterson, Mr. C. E. Clarke and Mr. J. C. Trotter (vocalists), Miss Farrell and Mr. Rogers (literati), Miss Barber, Miss Tracy, Miss Aspinall and Miss Dancy (ice-creamists).

The following ladies have consented to take charge of tables at the bazaar in the drill hall next week: Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. C. Berkeley-Powell, Mrs. Louis Jones, Mrs. Gouin, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Galt, Mrs. S. M. Rodgers and Mrs. C. Martin.

Among the informal entertainments given to the visiting members of the Royal party was a very enjoyable supper given at the Ottawa Club by Mr. H. Tache, private secretary to Hon. Mr. Chapleau. Among those present were the Secretary of State, himself, Hon. Mr. Marchand, and Messrs. Legendre, Doucet, Lusignan, Frechette, Suite and Marmette.

Three new pictures have been added to the Art Gallery in the Fisheries Exhibit Building. One these is a painting called *Dreaming*, by G. A. Reid, which was shown in Paris in 1888. Another is a British Columbian landscape, by Homer Watson, while the third is a rural subject by F. M. Bell Smith.

Mr. J. C. Boyce, the genial head of the *Hansard* staff of the House of Commons, has received the news of the death of his younger brother, Mr. Joseph Boyce of London, who has just succumbed after a long and severe illness.

The chances are that the Queen City will be overrun with Ottawaites on Saturday when the inter-urban lacrosse match takes place. All the lovers of that noble game intend to be on hand on the occasion.

This week the city is full of white-choked Methodist ministers attending the annual conference. The brethren are billeted around among the members of that church, who have responded nobly to the pressure of hospitality placed upon them.

Mr. Brewer, the mission worker of Toronto, has accepted the invitation of the Ottawa Gospel Mission Union to act as city missionary and begin his labors this week.

Major Sherwood, superintendent of the Dominion police, who has been confined to his house for some days past with a severe cold, is rapidly recovering.

The compliment paid to A. J. Christie, Q.C., by the Osgoode Hall benchers of electing him a member of that body is warmly appreciated by the bar of Ottawa and the citizens generally.

An enterprising company which combined the business of selling inferior tea with the raffling off of equally inferior articles of jewelry has just closed a short but profitable campaign in this city. This same company after being practically ejected from every place of any importance in the Dominion was sustained in its proceedings by a local dogberry. Judging from the list of lucky prize winners published, it would seem as if high and low, rich and poor, bit like gudgeons at the glittering bait. For all that it is not likely that many of the diamonds (?) so acquired will be flashed on the fingers of *dames des societes* during the coming season.

For Europe.

Mr. A. F. Webster reports the following passengers booked from Toronto by the Cunard and State S.S. lines:

Mr. H. Crewe, Mr. M. Warnock, Mr. W. P. Drysdale, Mr. R. H. McBride, Mr. Charles Langley, Mr. F. F. Peard, Mr. and Mrs. George Givens, Mrs. McEadden, Mr. T. Patrick, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Cadogan, Mrs. R. Phillips, Miss Gray, Mr. Alexander Laurie, Mr. P. Gardner, Mr. James Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Hall, Mr. G. A. Spence, Miss Sheedrake, Mr. and Mrs. T. Caswell, Mr. R. S. King, Mr. C. W. Gregory, Mr. G. K. Scott, Miss Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander, the Misses Jean, Kitty and Annie Alexander, Mr. Barr, Dr. Elliott, Mr. Charles Johnstone, Miss Bent, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Webb and two children, Mr. G. B. Hord, Mr. John Sanders, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. and Ella Stevenson, Mr. George Carter.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage

Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
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At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
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Office—601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

LESTER—At 14 Sullivan street, Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. M. T. Lester—a daughter.
McEACHERN—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. John McEACHERN—a son.
WARREN—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. H. D. Warren—a daughter.
AYLWARD—At Stayner, on May 13, Mrs. W. J. Levy—a son.
HART—At Toronto, on May 30, Mrs. E. R. Hart—a son.
LOWRY—At Toronto, on May 30, Mrs. James S. Lowry—a son.
BLAKE—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. W. H. Blake—a daughter.
LUMSDEN—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. Hugh D. Lumsden—a son.
MILLS—At Toronto, on June 3, Mrs. Alexander Mills—a daughter.
REEVES—At Toronto, on May 3, Mrs. S. J. Reeves—a daughter.

Marriages.

CRAWFORD-SHAW—At Denison Avenue Church, on June 3, by the Rev. J. B. Gaff, Ella D. Shaw to C. C. Crawford, of J. B. Young & Co., both of Toronto.
KENNEDY—At St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, N.Y., James H. Kennedy, West Toronto, to Mary Adab, eldest daughter of W. Wilson DePaw.
STARK-ROBINSON—At Rochester N.Y., on May 30, William Stark, M.D., of Hamilton, Ont., to Cornelia Louise Robinson.
MORGAN-LEES—At Dunnville, on June 2, C. Morgan to Mary Lees, both of Port Dover.
STERLING-HORNE—At Toronto, on June 3, George A. Sterling to Lita Horne, both of Toronto.

Deaths.

STODDARD—At Bradford, on June 2, Ferguson Stoddard, aged 33 years.

McLATCHIE—At Toronto, on June 3, John McLatchie, aged 30 years.
McCLELLAND—At Toronto, on June 3, John McClelland, aged 69 years.
HEAKES—At Toronto, on June 1, youngest son of S. R. and Maggie Heakes, aged 3 years.
COULTER—At Toronto, Francis W. Coulter, aged 31 years.
RUTCHINSON—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. William H. Hutchinson, aged 24 years.
ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on May 30, Mrs. Jean Taylor Robertson, aged 76 years.
SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, on June 2, Helen Sutherland, aged 87 years.
SPALDING—At Toronto, on June 3, Huldah Anne Spalding, aged 69 years.
BEALL—At Whitby, on May 23, Theophilus Beall, aged 35 years.
BARBER—At Yorkville, on June 2, Mrs. Maria Barber, aged 80 years.
JACKSON—At Hamilton, on June 2, Mrs. Jane Jackson.
GARDEN—At New York, on May 24, Daniel R. Garden.
BEVAN—At Toronto, on June 1, Owen Theophilus Bevan, aged 68 years.
CRAIG—At Toronto, on May 31, Corporal James William Craig, O Company, Infantry School Corps, aged 25 years.
LAMBE—At Toronto, infant daughter of W. G. A. and Laura B. Lambe.

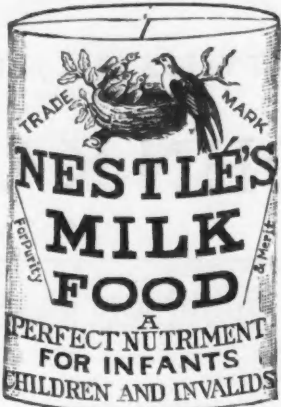
G. L. BALL, DENTIST

Honor Graduate of Session '33 and '34.

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J. G. ADAMS, Dentist

Office—246 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—86 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 2064.



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Here you can inspect the latest designs for Spring and Summer wear.

Here you can judge of the largeness of our stock for Suitings.

There is much here to delight the eye.

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155 Yonge St., cor. Richmond

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

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Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

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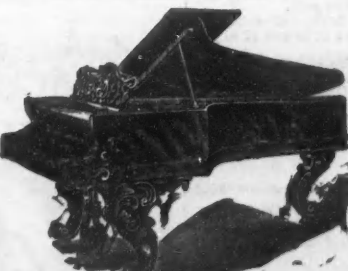
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PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

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ALL NEW GOODS NOW IN STOCK

Special Line, Heavy Wiltons, \$1.57, worth \$1.75. Best 5-frame Brussels, \$1, worth \$1.25. Good Brussels, 90c, worth \$1.10. Best 10-Wire Tapestry, 85c, worth 85c. Choice patterns in Tapestry, new colorings, only 50c.
Art Squares, 2 and 3 ply Kidder Carpet.
Oilcloths, Linoleums, Smyrna Rugs, Door Mats, China Matting, etc.

CURTAIN STOCK

Full Lines of Swiss, Antique, Irish Point, Velours and all the Newest styles. Art Muslins, Crepes, Corrigas, in all the new Art Shades. A special line of Heavy Portiere Curtains reduced from \$9 to \$6; still lower, \$5 to \$4; Choice Curtains at \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.50 per pair. Window Shades to order, all styles, Art Screens, Poles, etc. Special attention given to Art Draperies.

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EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS

Having completed extensive alterations to our new premises we take pleasure in inviting the Ladies of Toronto to pay us a visit. We claim to have the largest exclusive Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the city, and will welcome all who call upon us. Our specialties are Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ladies' Underwear, Ready-made Costumes, etc.

This week we offer special bargains in each department. Dressmaking on the premises.

THE GOLDEN CROWN

240 and 242 Yonge Street

MACLEAN & MITCHELL



Cash or Credit One Price Either Way

Baby Carriages from \$8.50 to \$34.00

A quantity of very fine Carriages, upholstered in plush, to be cleared at the price of ordinary coverings.

REFRIGERATORS

We have about thirty Refrigerators, made by Ferson of Philadelphia and Jewett of Buffalo, which we carried over from last season and are clearing at specially low prices. Call early and secure one.

All goods marked in plain figures. One price to all and under all circumstances. Liberal terms to Credit Buyers without interest or extra charge, at

177 Yonge Street, 4 Doors North of Queen

The C. F. Adams Home-Furnishing House

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CHOSEN BY PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES AS THE MOST PERFECT PIANOFORTE IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY. YET PRODUCED IN CANADA. INSPECTION OF OUR PIANOS WILL PROVE THE JUSTICE OF OUR CLAIM.

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